

2

# CHOICE PSALMES PUT INTO MUSICK, For Three Voices.

The most of which may properly enough be sung  
by any three, with a Thorough Base.

COMPOS'D by

*Henry*  
and  
*William* } *Lawes*, Brothers; and Servants to  
His Majestie.

With divers Elegies, set in Musick by sev'rall Friends, upon the  
death of WILLIAM LAWES.

And at the end of the Thorough Base are added nine Canons of  
Three and Foure Voices, made by *William Lawes*.

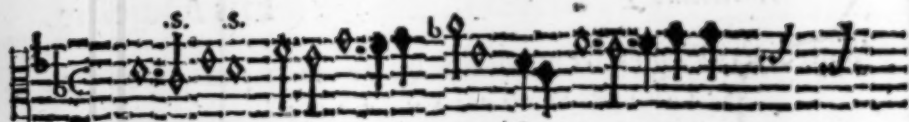
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LONDON,

Printed by *James Young*, for *Humphrey Moseley*, at the Prince's Armes in  
*S. Pauls Church-yard*, and for *Richard Wodenothe*, at the Star under  
*S. Peters Church* in Corn-hill. 1648.



*Carolus D: G: Rex Ang:  
Sco: Fran: et Hiber:*



Regi, Regis, &c.

Regum Ar- ca- na cano.

Henricus Lawes

Regiae Majestatis à sacra Musica.





TO HIS  
Most Sacred Majestie,  
**CHARLES,**  
BY  
THE GRACE OF GOD,  
King of great Brittain, France and Ireland,  
Defender of the Faith, &c.



Could not answer mine owne Conscience (most Gracious Sovereigne) should I dedicate these Compositions to any but Your Majestie; they were born and nourish'd in Your Majesties service, and long since design'd (such as they are) an Offering to Your Royall hand. Many of them were compos'd by my Brother (*William Lawes,*) whose life and endeavours were devoted

## *The Epistle Dedicatorie.*

to Your service; whereof, I (who knew his heart) am a surviving witnesse, and therein he persisted to that last minute, when he fell a willing Sacrifice for Your Majestie: I were unworthy such a Brother, should I tender ought that is his, or mine, to any but our Gracious Master (from whose Royall Bounty both of us receiv'd all we enjoy'd;) and such an Inscription would not only seem a Theft and Alienation of what is Your Majesties, but (which I most abhorre) would make me taste of these ungratefull dayes. Your Majestie knowes when the Regall Prophet first penn'd these Psalmes, he gave them to the Musicians to be set to tunes; and they humbly brought them to *David* the King. Besides, *Mr. Sandys* inscribes his Translation to Your Sacred Majestie; so that this I offer is Your Majesties in all capacities, and doth not so properly come, as rebound back to Your Majestie. I was easily drawn to this presumption, by Your Majesties known particular affection to *David's* Psalmes, both because the Psalter is held by all Divines one of the most excellent parts of holy Scripture; as also in regard much of Your Majesties present condition, is lively described by King *David's* pen. The King of Heaven and Earth restore Your Majestie according to Your own righteous heart, which is the daily earnest prayer of

Your Majesties most humble,

most loyally devoted Subject and Servant,

HENRY LAWES.



To the R E A D E R.



*These following Compositions of mine and my Brothers, set at severall times, and upon severall Occasions, (having been often heard, and well approv'd of, chiefly by such as desire to joyne Musick with Devotion) I have been much importuned to send to the Presse, and should not easily have been perswaded to it now, (especially in these dissol-  
nant times) but to doe a Right (or at least to shew my Love) to the Memory of my Brother, unfortunately lost in these unnaturall Warres: yet lyes in the Bed of Honour, and expir'd in the Service and Defence of the King his Master. Living, he was generally known, and (for his Parts) much honoured by Persons of best quality and condition. To give a further Character of him I shall forbear, because of my neer relation, and rather referre that to those Elegies which many of his noble Friends have written in a peculiar Book: But, as to what he hath done in Musick, I shall desire the present and the future Age, that so much of his Works as are here published, may be received, as the least part of what he hath compos'd, and but a small Testimony of his greater Compositions, (too voluminous for the Presse) which I the rather now  
mention,*

## To the Reader.

mention, lest being, as they are, disperst into private hands, they may chance be hereafter lost; for, besides his Fancies of the Three, Foure, Five and Six Parts to the Viols and Organ, he hath made above thirty severall sorts of Musick for Voices and Instruments: Neither was there any Instrument then in use, but he compos'd to it so aptly, as if he had only studied that. As for that which is my part in this Composition, I had not thought at all (though much urg'd) to publish; but that, as they had their birth at the same time with his, and are of the same kinde, so they might enter both into the light together, and accompany one another being so neere allied; Mine taking precedence of order only, not of worth. I may be thought too partiall in what I have spoke of a Brother; but here are following many of our Friends and Fellowes, (whose excellency in Musick is very well knowne) who doe better speak for him, while they mourne his Obsequies: yet I (oblig'd before all other) cannot but bewaile his losse, and shall celebrate his memory to my last houre.

Henry Lawes.



To the Incomparable Brothers, Mr. *Henry*,  
and Mr. *William Lawes* (Servants to His Majestie)  
upon the setting of these Psalmes.



He various Musick, both for Aire and Art,  
These Arch-Musicians, in their sev'rall waies  
Compos'd, and Acted, merit higher praise  
Then wonder-wanting knowledge can impart.  
Brothers in blood, in Science and Affection,  
Belov'd by those that envie their Renowne;  
In a False Time true Servants to the Crowne:  
Lawes of themselves, needing no more direction.  
The depth of Musique one of them did sound,  
The t'other took his flight into the aire:  
O then thrice happy and industrious paire,  
That both the depth and height of Musique found.  
Which my sweet Friend, the life of Lovers pens,  
In so milde manner hath attain'd to do,  
He looks the better, and his hearers too;  
So in exchange all Ladies are his friends.  
And when our Meditations are too meane  
To keep their raptures longer on the wing,  
They soar'd up to that Prophet and that King,  
Whose Love is God, and Heav'n his glorious Scene:  
Setting his Psalmes, whereby both they and we  
May singing rise to immortalitie.

To his Friend M<sup>r</sup>. *Henry Lawes*, upon his Compositions.

**T**O chaine wilde Winds, calme raging Seas, recall  
From profound Hell, and raise to Heav'n, are all  
Of Harmony no fables, but true story;  
Man has within a storme, a paine, a glory:  
And these in me struck by that art divine,  
Submit to Musique, above all to thine.

*J. Harington.*

To my Friend M<sup>r</sup>. *Henry Lawes*.

**H**arry, whose tunefull and well measur'd song  
First taught our English Musick how to span  
Words with just note and accent, not to scan  
With *Midas* cares, committing short and long,  
Thy worth and skill exempts thee from the throng,  
With praise enough for Envy to look wan:  
To after age thou shalt be writ the man  
That with smooth Aire couldst humour best our tongue.  
Thou honour'st Verse, and Verse must lend her wing  
To honour thee, the Priest of *Phœbus* Quire,  
That tun'st their happiest Lines in hymne or story.  
Dante shall give Fame leave to set thee higher  
Then his *Casella*, whom he woo'd to sing,  
Met in the milder shades of Purgatory.

\* The Story  
of Ariadne  
set by him in  
Musick.

*J. Milton.*





To my worthy Friend (and Countreiman,)

Mr. *Henry Lawes*, upon his owne, and his Brother

Mr. *William Lawes*'s incomparable Works.

W Here shall I place my wonder, when I see  
Such right in both to't, such equalitie

Of worth in either, that it cann't be knowne

Which does the greatest, and the higheft owne ?

So when two Tapers mixe their beames, we say,

Not this more lustre has, or that more ray;

But each has title to the light, and they

Make up one, common, undistinguish'd day :

Or, as when th' *Flamen* divers incense fires,

The perfume severs not, but in one aspires;

So that from this Spice, or that piece of Gum,

We cannot say, such, or such odours come :

But mounting in a generall unknowne cloud,

The wonder of the breath's to each allow'd;

So here, such equall worth from each does flow,

That to each light, to each we incense owe.

'Twas no necessitie (yet) this Union made,

(As when a weaker light does droop, and fade,

Unlesse assisted by another) No :

Each singly could full beames and odours throw.

No wanton, ruder aires affright your eare;

Th'are pious only, and chaste numbers here :

(Such was that lovely *Paran*, when the displeas'd

Incens'd God th' *Achaick* Host appeas'd,)

Becoming



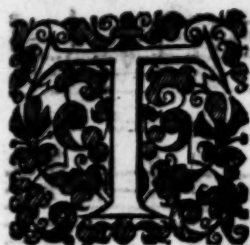
Becoming or the Temple, or the Shrine,  
Fit to the words they speak ; like them, divine.

Such numbers does the soule consist of, where she  
Meeting a glance of her owne harmonie,  
Moves to those sounds she heares ; and goes along  
With the whole sense and passion of the song ;  
So to an equall height, two strings being wound,  
This trembles with the others stroke ; and th' sound  
Which stirr'd this first, the other does awake,  
And the same harmonie they both partake.

Nor doe they only with the soule agree  
In this ; they share too in its eternitie :  
And this, the one part of this work has tri'd ;  
For, though himselfe remov'd, this does abide,  
And shall doe ever : here, his memory  
Shall still survive, and contemne destiny.

The same waits you (Sir) and when e'r you'r sent  
From us, you'll live here your owne monument.

*Fr. Sambrooke.*



That man is truly blest, who never strays by



of false advice, nor walks in sinners waies ; nor sits



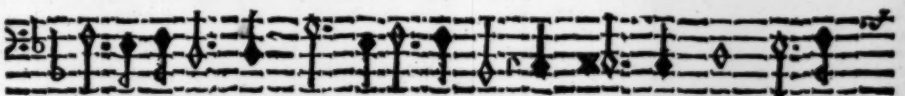
infected with their scornfull pride, who God contemne, and pietie



deride : He shall be like the tree that spreads his root by living streams,



producing timely fruit ; his leafe shall never fall : The Lord shall bleffe



all his endeavours with desir'd successe, the Lord shall bleffe all his



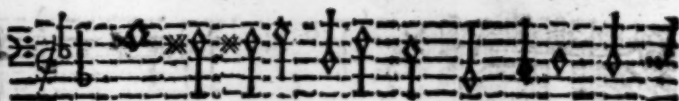
endeavours with desir'd, desir'd successe.

Of 3. Voc

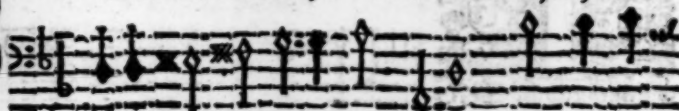
I I.

Bassus.

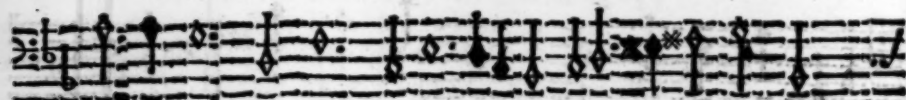
Henry Lawes.



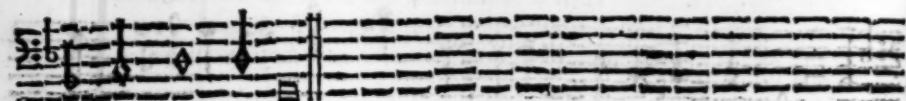
Ho trusts in thee, O let not shame deject, thou



ever Just, my chafed soule secure: Lord lend a

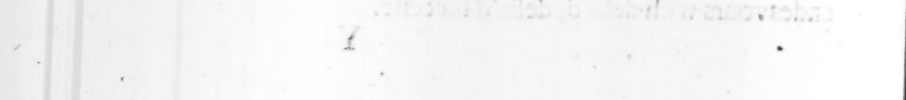
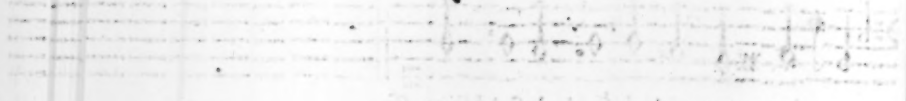
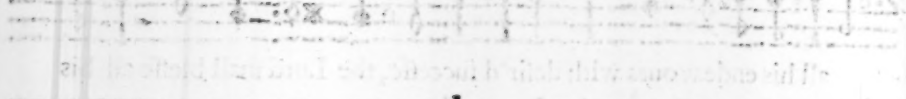
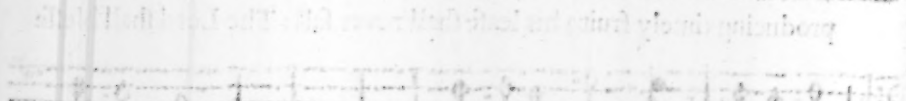
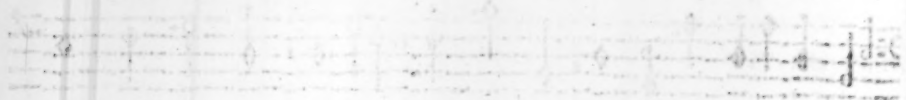


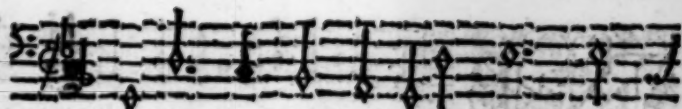
willing care, with speed protect, be thou my rock with thy



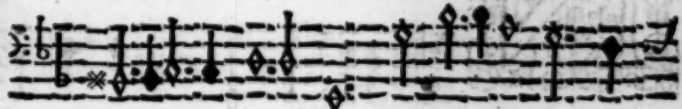
strong arme immune.

Hande not out stretched but hande off, stretch





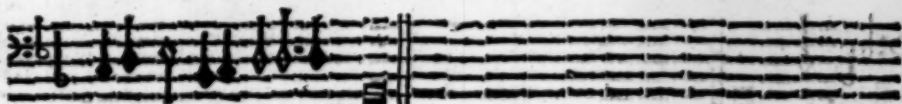
Thou from whom all mercy springs, com-



passionate my sufferings, and pitie me who trusts



in thee : O shelter with thy shady wings, untill these stormes of woe



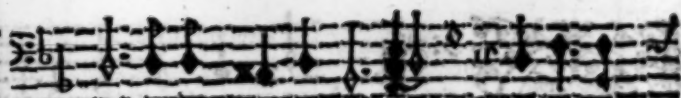
cleere up, or o- ver blow.

Of 3. Voc.

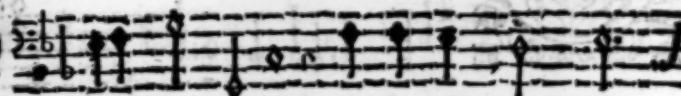
IV.

Bassus.

Henry Lawes.



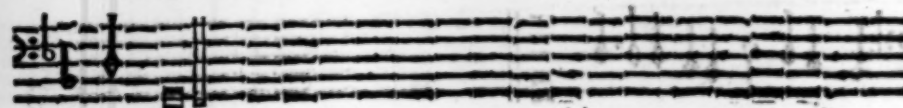
Ot in thy wrath against me rise, nor in thy



fury Lord chastise : Thy arrowes wound, naile

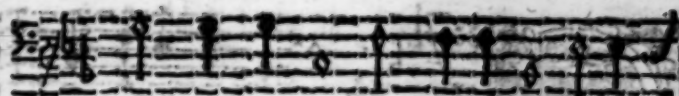


to the ground, to the ground, thy hand upon mee, thy hand upon



mee lyes,

would not be so to, quench



Ord judge my cause, thy piercing eye beholds



my soules integrity. How can I fall, when



I, and all my hopes on thee relye: when I, and all my hopes



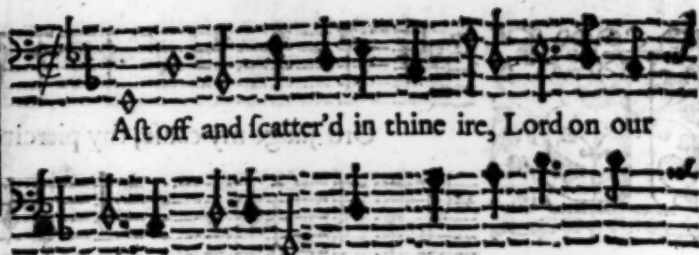
on thee relye.

Of 3. Voc.

V I.

Bassus.

Henry Lawes.



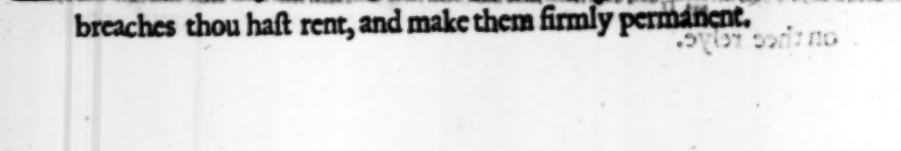
Ast off and scatter'd in thine ire, Lord on our



woes with pitie look: The Lands inforc'd foun-



dations shook, whose yawning ruptures sighes expire. O cure the



breaches thou hast rent, and make them firmly permanent.

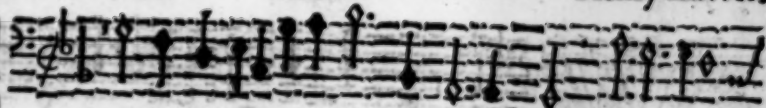


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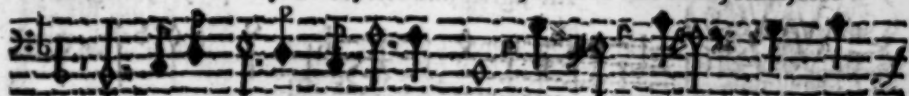
VII.

Bassus.

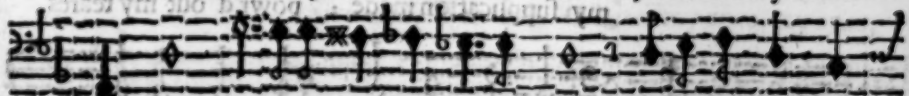
Henry Lawes.



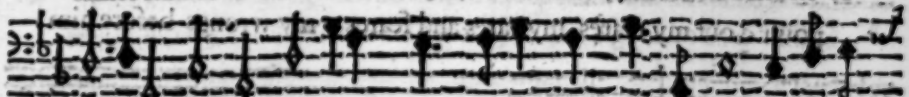
Hy beauty Israel is fled, sunk to the dead, sunk, &c.



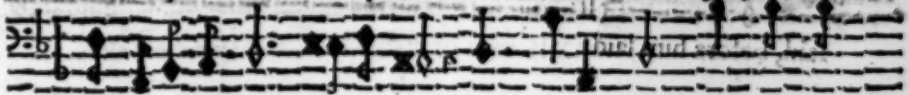
How are the valiant, the valiant false: the slain, the slain thy moun-



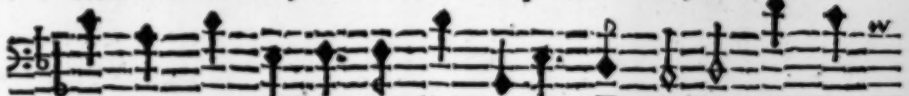
tains stain. O let it not in Gath be knowne, nor in the streets of



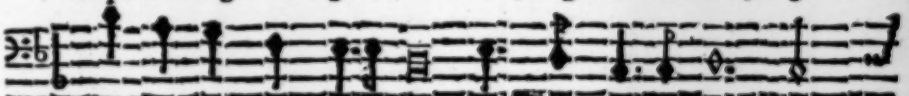
Ascalon, lest that sad story should excite their dire delight, lest in the



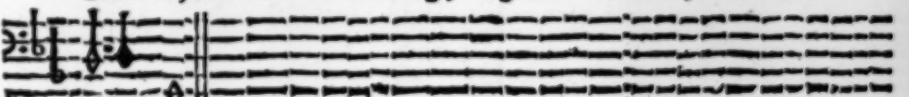
torrent of our woe, of our woe their pleasure flow; lest their tri-



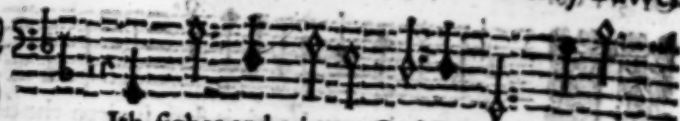
umphant daughters ring their Cimbals, ring their Cimbals, ring their



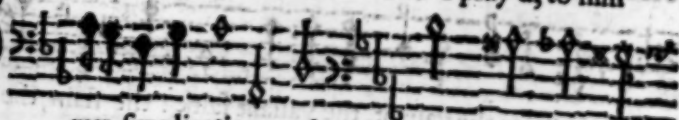
Cimbals, and curs'd Peans sing, ring their Cimbals, and curs'd



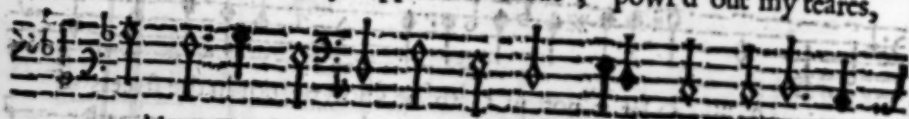
Peans sing.



Ith sighes and cries to God I pray'd, to him



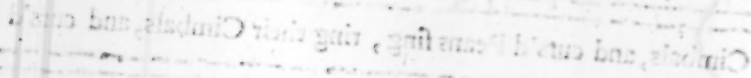
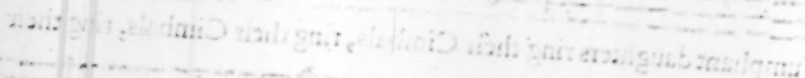
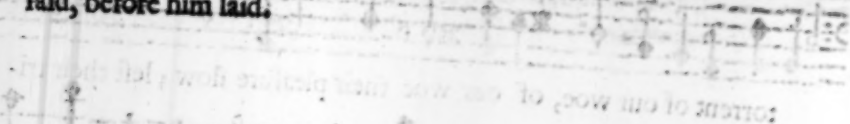
my supplication made ; powr'd out my teares,



powr'd out my teares, my cares and feares, my wrongs before him

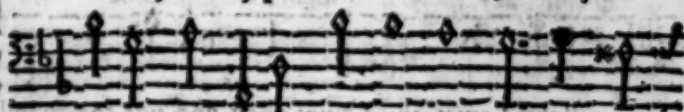


laid, before him laid.





Ord, for thy promise sake defend, and thy all-



saving shield extend. O heare my cries, my cries,



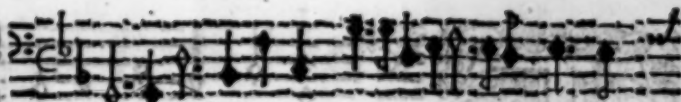
O heare my cries, which with wet eyes and sighes to thee ascend,



and sighes to thee, and sighes to thee ascend.

Z

**O** Hear my cries, O hear my cries, preserve his life, who  
will thy Lawes, thy Lawes obey, and just commands fulfill : Mine  
eyes out-watch the night, my cries prevent the ear-ly morne, sin-  
due devotion spent, heare and revive, and revive, thy justice execute  
on lawlesse men; but thine owne preserve from their pursuit : Thy oft  
tri'd mercies ever are at hand, thy judgements on eternall Bases stand,  
thy judgements, thy judgements on eternall Bases stand, on eternall  
Bases stand.



Oe is me, that I from Israel exi- led must in



Mefech dwell, and in the tents, in the tents of If-



mael. O how long shall I live with those, whose savage minds



sweet peace oppose, and fury by dissuasion growes, by &c.



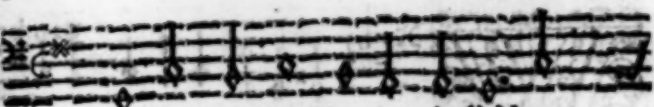
and fury, &c.

Of 3. Voc.

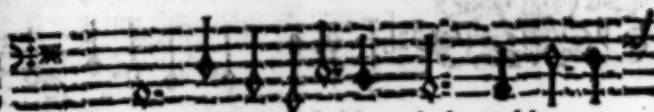
XII.

Bassus.

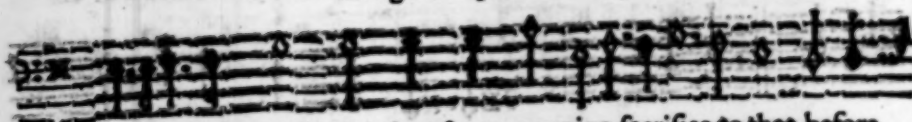
Henry Lawes.



O heare me Lord be thou inclin'd, my



thoughts O ponder in thy minde, and let my



cries acceptance find: Thou hearst my morning sacrifice, to thee, before



the day starre rise, my pray'rs ascend, my, &c. my, &c.



ascend with stedfast eyes.

ascend with

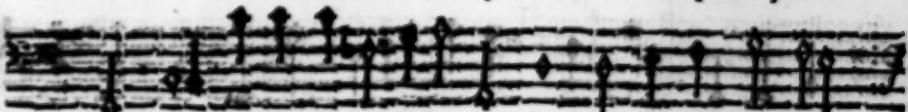




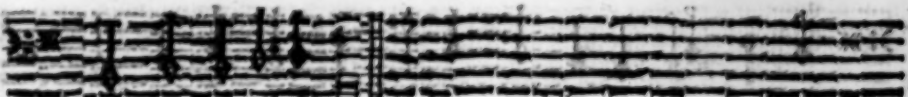
Ord showre on us thy grace, enrich with gifts



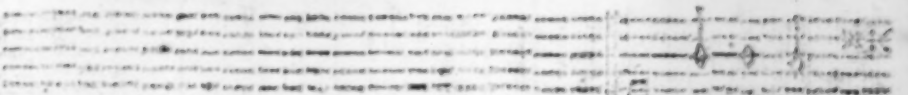
divine: Let thy illustrious face upon thy ser-



vants shine, that all below the arched slae, may thee and thy salva-

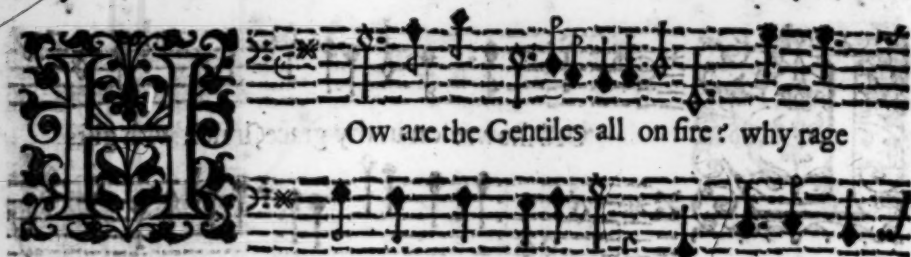


tion know, salvation know.

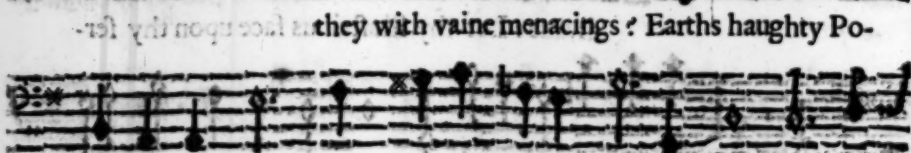


from our free hands.

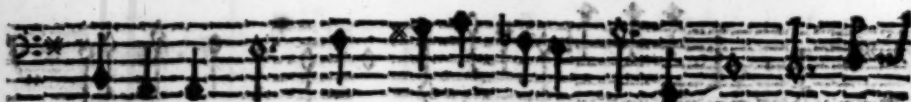




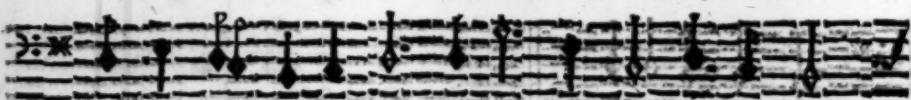
Ow are the Gentiles all on fire? why rage



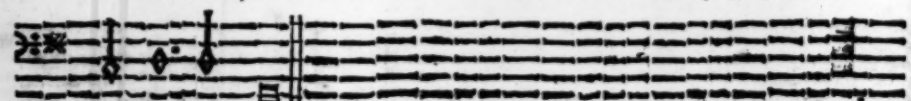
they with vaine menacings? Earths haughty Po-



tentates and Kings 'gainst God, against his Christ conspire; Break we



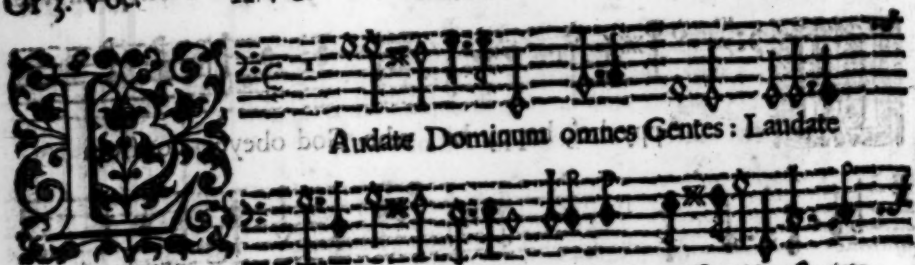
(say they) their servile bands, and cast their cords, cast their cords



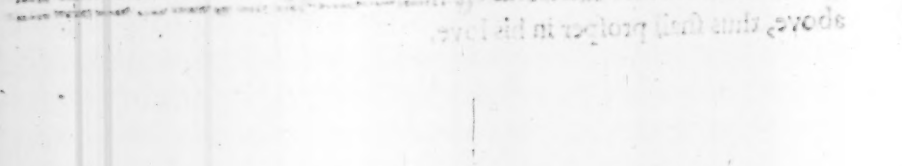
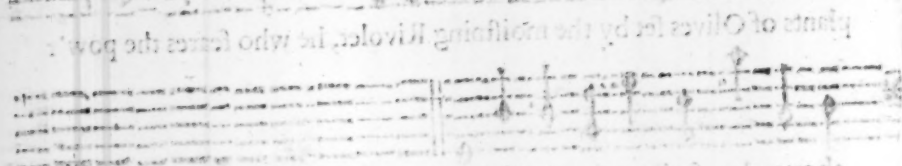
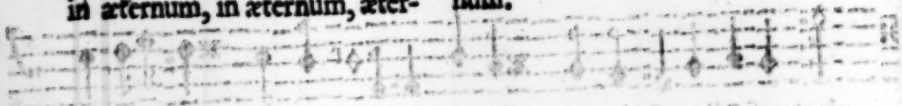
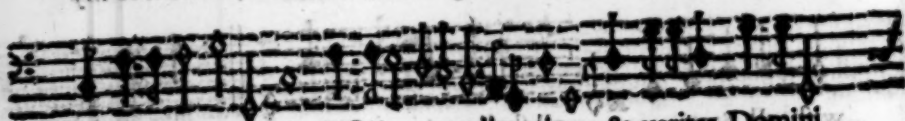
from our free hands.

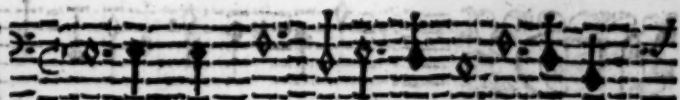


**H**appy he, happy he, who God obeyes, nor from  
his direction strays: Thou shalt of thy labours feed, all shall to thy  
wish; all, &c. all shall to thy wish succeed: Like a faire  
and fruitfull Vine, by thy house thy wife shall joyne, sons obedient  
to command, shall about thy table stand: Like green  
plants of Olives set by the moistning Rivolet, he who feares the pow'r  
aboye, thus shall prosper in his love.

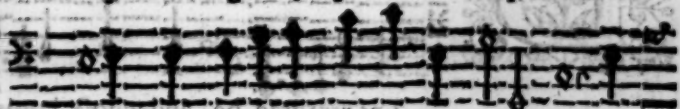


cum omnes Populi: Quoniam confirmata est, con-





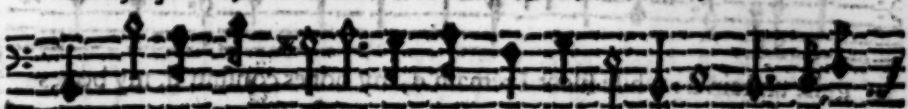
Eprest with griefe, deprest, &c. deprest with



griefe, when all reliefe and humane pitie fail'd, I



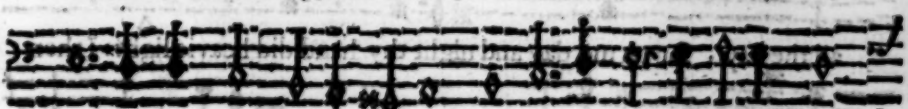
cri'd, My God, O look on me thou ever Just, thou ever Just th' afflicted



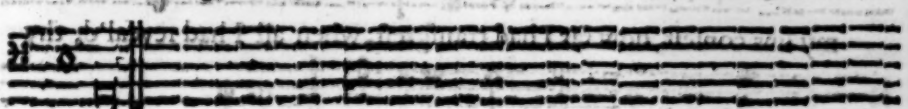
free. O from the grave, O from the grave thy servant save, O from, &c.



for mercy, for mer- cy lives in thee: O from the grave,



O from the grave thy servant save, thy servant save, for mercy lives



in thee.



Left, O thrice blest is he, O thrice, &c. whose

sins remitted be; and whose impieties God covers

from his eyes, to whom his sins are not imputed as forgot, his soule with

guile unstain'd: while silent I remain'd, my bones consum'd, my bones

consum'd away, my bones, &c. I roared all the day, I roared

all the day, for on me day and night thy hand did heavie light: I then

my sins confest, how far I had transgress'd, when all I had reveal'd, thy

hand, thy hand my pardon seal'd, thy hand my pardon seal'd.





Ord, to my pray'r, to my pray'r encline, encline

thine care, and thy afflicted, afflicted servant heare,

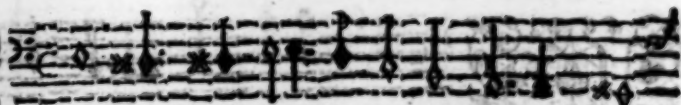
nor these salt rivers of mine eyes, these salt rivers of mine eyes, my God

despise: A stranger as my fathers were, a stranger, &c.

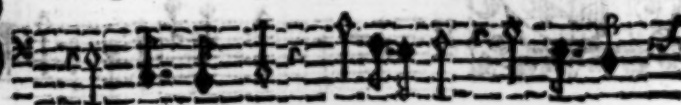
I sojourn here, I sojourn here. O let me gather strength before I

pass away, before I passe away, and be no more, before I passe,

I passe away, and be no more.



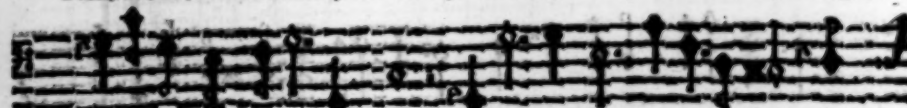
Hen grieve, when grieve my lab'ring soul confounds,



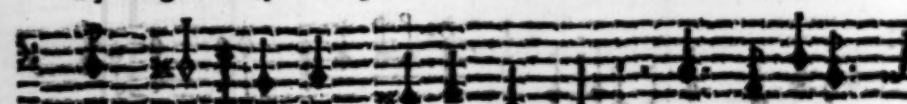
thou powrest balme, thou, &c. thou powrest



balme into her wounds, for thou, O Lord, art my defence, my refuge,



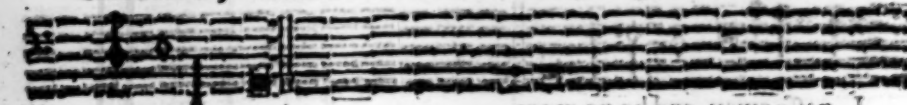
my refuge and my recompence: The vicious shall by vices fall, by



their owne sins be swept, be swept from hence. God shall cut off

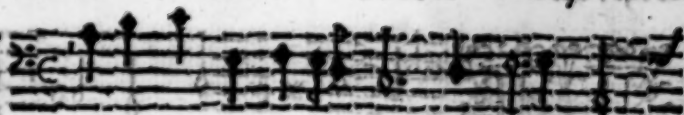


their breath; God shall cut off their breath, and give them up, and give

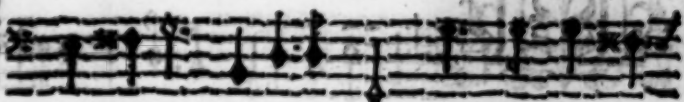


them up to death.





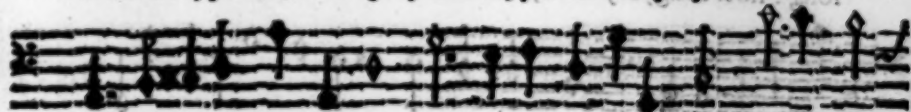
Et our foes with terrour quake, with terrour quake,



let the earths foundation shake: Judgement our great



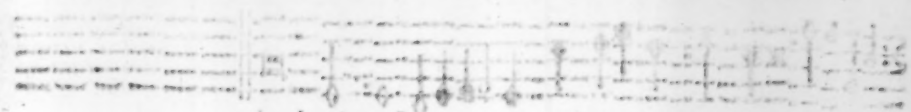
God affects, yet with equity directs, yet with equity directs.

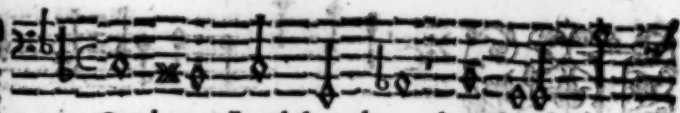


These celestially twins imbrace, these reflect on Jacobs race: O how ho-



ly, O how holy above all honour, honour, and at his footstool fall.

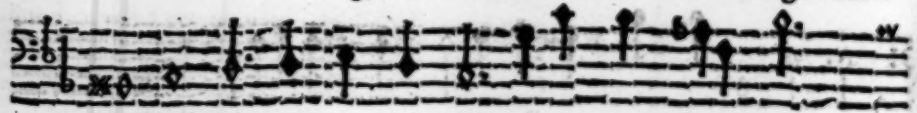




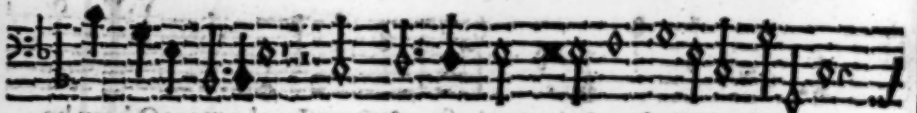
Ow long : Lord, how long : how long : how



long, O Lord : let me not for ever be forgot. How



long : how long, my God, wilt thou contract thy clouded brow :

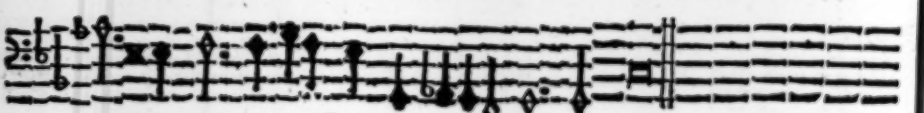


contract, &c.

How long in mind perplext shall I be daily vext :

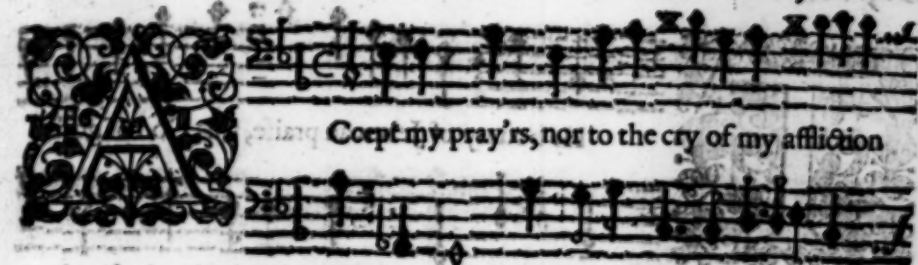


Consider and heare my cries, illuminate mine eyes, lest with ex-

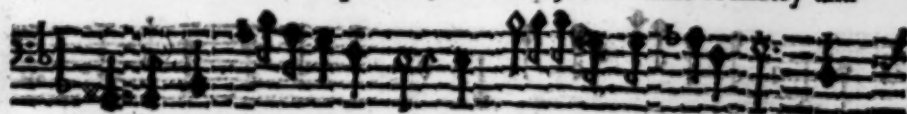


hausted breath I ever sleep, I e- ver sleep in death.

Of 3. Voc. H XXIII. Bassus. VIXX Henry Lawes.



stop thine ears: Lord, in the time of misery and



when I call, with speed reply.



when I call, with speed reply.

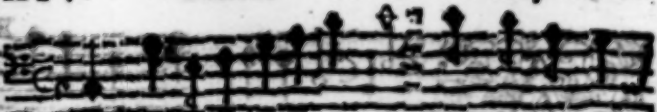
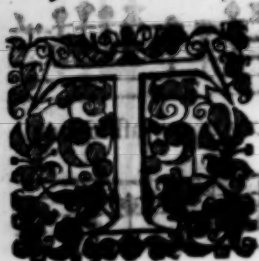
Of 3. Voc.

XXIV.

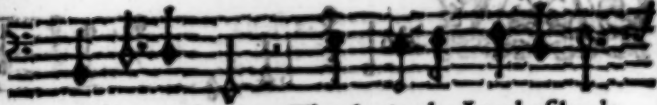
Bassus.

IIIXX

Henry Lawes.



He bounty of Jchovah praise, this God of gods



but vntill to omis of all scepters swayen: Thanks to the Lord of lords



afford, and his amazing wonders blaze, for from the King of kings



eternall mercy springs.

When I hear the Lord I praise



On who the Lord adore, and at his Altar wait,

and keep your watch, and, &c.

before the



threshold of his gate, his praises sing, his praises sing by silent night, till



cheerfull light, till, &c.

till cheerfull light i'th Orient spring.

Bb



Ow the Lord his reign begins, thro' d between the

Cherubins: O how great in Sions Towr's! high a-

bove, high above all earthly pow'rs. Great and terrible his Name, since

so holy, praise the same, since so holy, since so holy, praise the same.

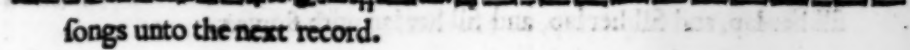
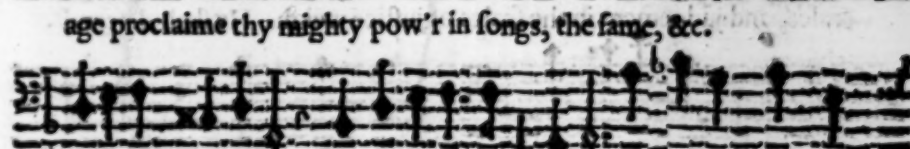
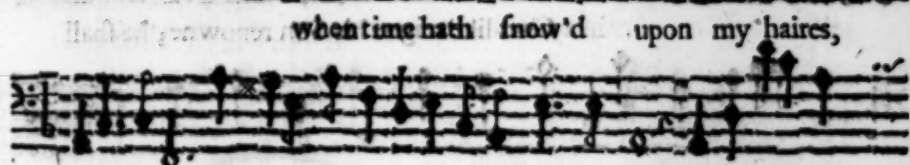
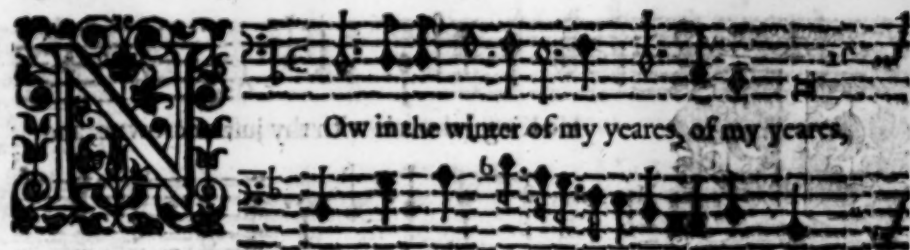
On his holy Hill glory, glorifie and worship still, and worship still.

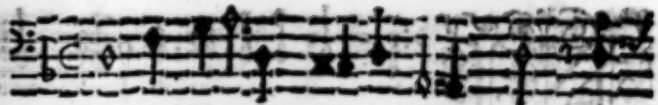
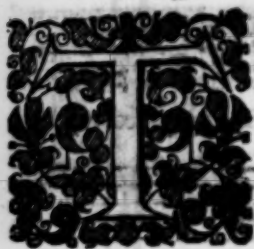
Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah,

Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah,

Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah.







He King Jehovah with thy justice crowne, and



in a God-like reigne his Son renowne, he shall



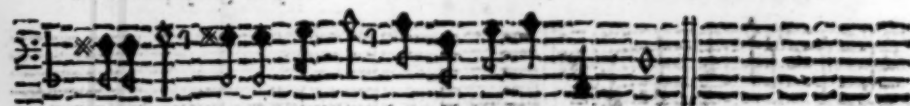
with equity thy people sway, and judgement, and judgement in the



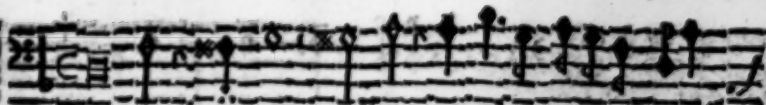
scales, and judgement in the scales of justice weigh. He shall descend



like plenty, like plenty dropping showres, which clothe the earth, and



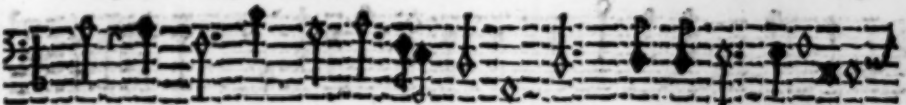
fill her lap, and fill her lap, and fill her lap with flowres.



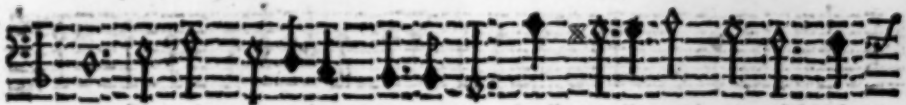
Y soule, my soule, my soule and all my faculties Jeho-



vah praise; sing, sing, sing till the skies re-eccho, re-eccho his ascending



fame: My soule, my soule, O celebrate his Name; for he will not e- ver



chide, nor constant to his wrath abide; but mildly from his wrath re-



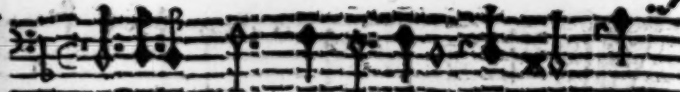
lents, and shortens our due punishments, and shortens our due punish-



ments: His glorious Name, with sweet accord, joyne thou my soule,



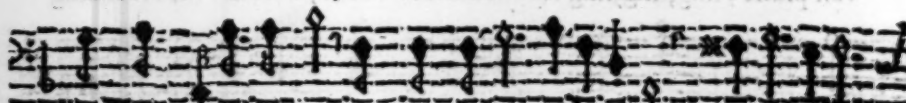
joyne thou my soule to praise the Lord.



Our fervent souls on God attend, our help, who

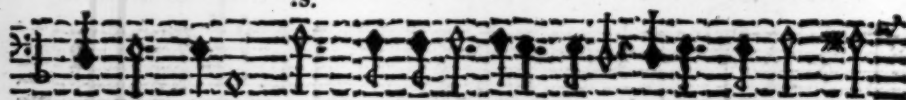


only can defend, who only, &c. in whom



our hearts exult for joy, in whom, &c.

because we on



his Name relye. Great God, to us propitious be, as we have fixt our



hopes on thee, as we have fixt, have fixt our hopes on thee. Halle-



luiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Hal-



luiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halle- luiah, Halleluiah.

0-91111  
7411  
4111  
7311  
6111  
1111

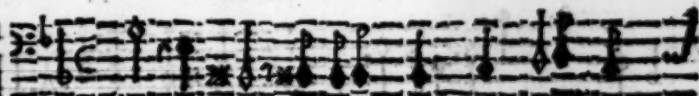




A Pastorall Elegie to the memory of my deare  
Brother, *William Lawes*.

Of 3. Voc.

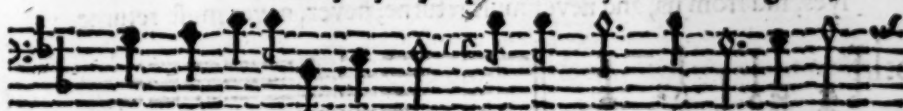
Bassus.



Ease, O cease, ye jolly Shepherds, cease your



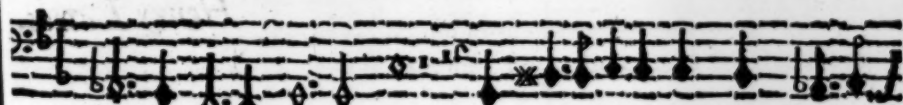
merry layes ; Pipe no more, in medowes green,



crown'd with Ivie and with Bayes : let your flocks no more be seen



on the verdant hillocks spread ; but tune your oaten reeds with saddest



notes, with saddest notes to mourn : for gentle *Willy*, your lov'd *Lawes* is

Cc

Of 3. Voc.

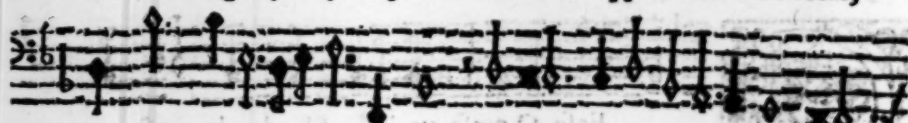
Bassus:



dead. Weep Shepherd Swaines, weep Shepherd Swaines, for him



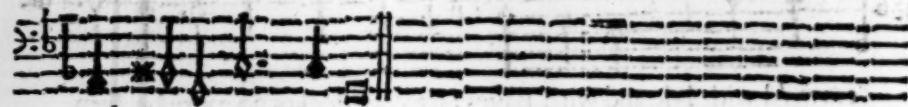
that was the glory of your plains: He could appease the fullen seas,



and calme the fu- ry of the mind, but now (alas) in silent urne hee



lyes, hid from us, and never must returne, never, never must returne,



and ne- ver must returne.

Henry Lanes.

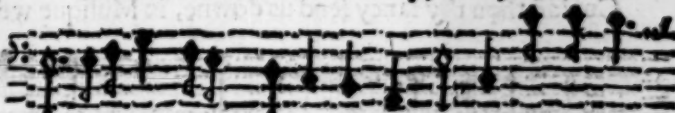
An Elegie to the memory of his Friend and Fellow,  
*Mr. William Laves*, servant to his Majestie.

Of 3. Voc.

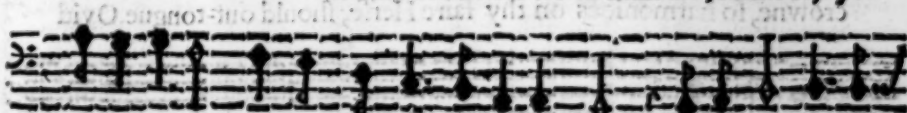
Bassus.



Doe not now lament and cry, O do, &c.



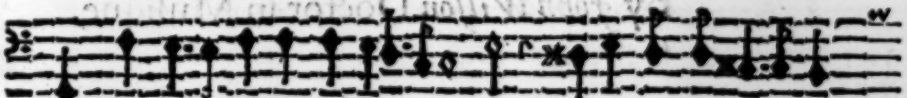
'tis Fate concludes we all must die; rather rejoyce



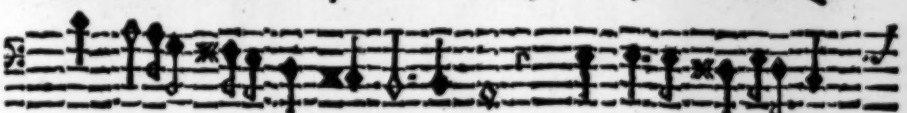
that he is there, mending the Musique of the Sphere: we are dull souls of



little worth, and coldly here his praise set forth, who doth that truly

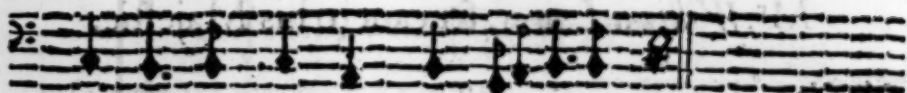


sure must be instructed by divinitie. Hark, O hark, the celestiall Quire



doth pause to heare his sweeter Lyre: there he is set free from

Bassus.



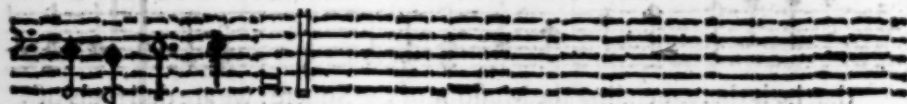
vaine feares, or heart-heav'd sighes, or brinish teares.



Couldst thou thy fancy send us downe, in Musique we would place a



crowne, so harmonious on thy faire Herse, should out-tongue Ovid

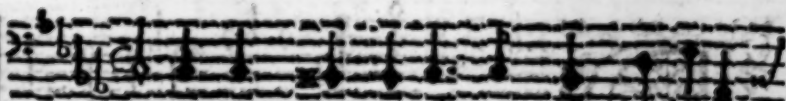


in his sweetest Verse.

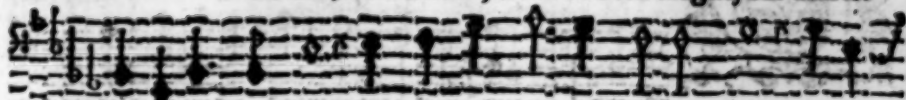
By *John Wilson* Doctor in Musique.

To the memory of his much respected Friend and  
Fellow, *Mr. William Lawes.*

**B**



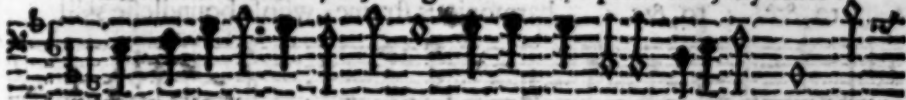
Ue that, lov'd Friend, we have been taught, our dearest



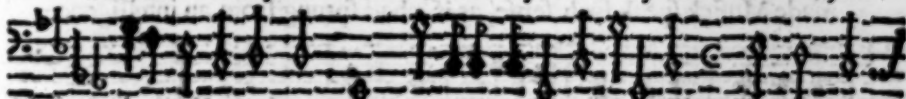
dust to mix with dust, I'm with thy Lyre so strangely caught, my true



affection counts it just, and grounds it on a pious care, thy ashes to



involve in aire, involve in aire : for thy rare fancy from its birth, far



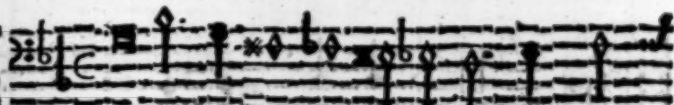
inconsistent is with earth, or any inferiour element. How can dull



clay presse downe thine eyes, and not an earth-quake straight arise ?

*John Taylor.*

An Elegie on the death of his Friend and Fellow-  
servant, Mr. *William Lawes*.



Eare *Will* is dead, deare *Will* is dead, *Will Lawes*,



whose active braine gavelife to many sweet,



to, &c.

to, &c.

harmonious straine, whose boundlesse skill

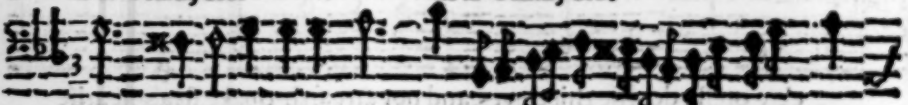


made Musick speak such sence, as if 't had sprung from an intelligence,



as if 't had, &c.

as if 't had, &c.



In's just proportioned songs, in's just pro- portio- ned songs might

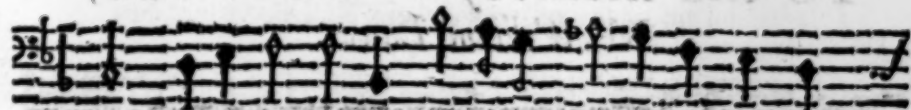


you find, his soule convers'd with heav'n, his, &c.

with



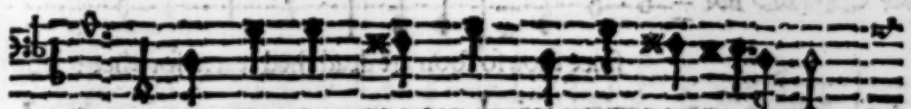
Bassus.



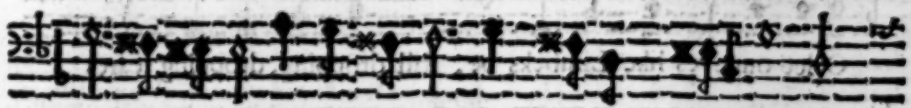
heav'n, heaven with his mind, and in such language that Rhet'rick



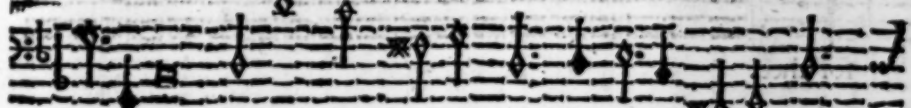
never knew, for his were Rhetorick, and sweet Musick too, and sweet



Musique too: Like that which brought from the Im- periall skie



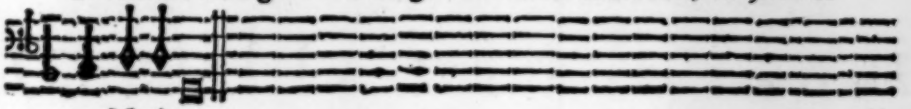
Angels to men, Angels to men, from men made Divels flie, made



Divels flie. But (oh) he's dead, he's dead: but, &c. he's dead.



To heav'n is he gone? is he gone? the life of Musick, *laus, laus* of



our Nation.

By *John Cob*, Organist of his Majesties Chappell Royall.

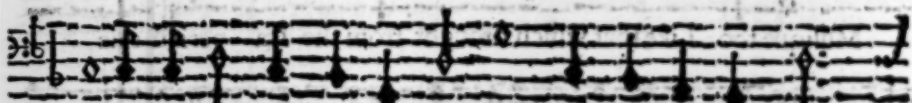
To the memory of his Friend,  
*Mr. William Laves.*



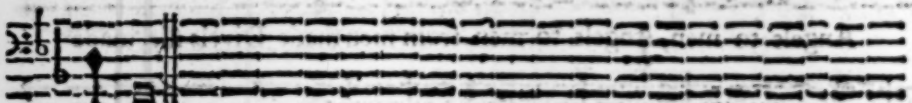
Rave Spirit, art thou fled? and shall not wee,



since thou so soon art dead shed teares for thee?



O let our eyes like Limbeks be, still dropping, dropping teares



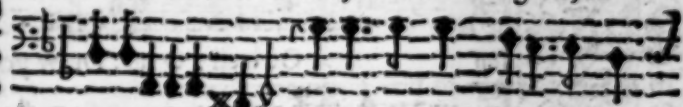
for thee.

By Captain *Edmond Foster.*

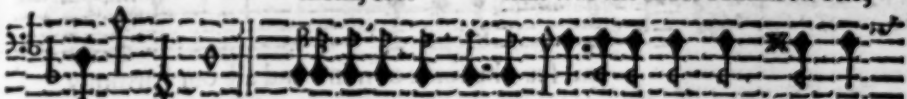
An Elegie on the death of his deare fraternall Friend  
and Fellow, M<sup>r</sup>. *William Lawes*, servant to his Majesty.



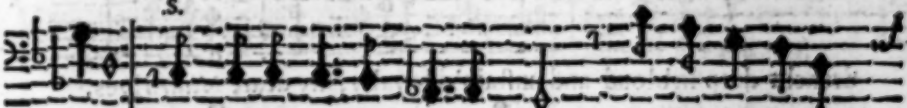
Ament and mourne, he's dead and gone, la-



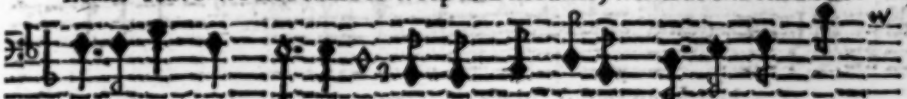
ment, &c. that was the most Admired one,



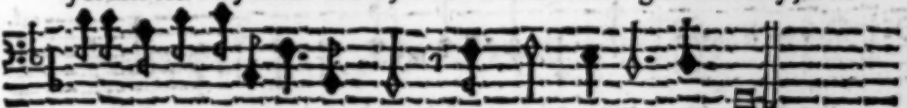
renowned *Lawes*, Generall of the Forces all in Europe that were mu-



ficall. Have we not cause to weep and mourne, when as the children



yet unborn may make us sad, to think that neither girle nor boy, shall



ever live for to enjoy such *Lawes*, such *Lawes* as once they had.

D d

By *Simon Ives*.

# To the memory of his Friend, Mr. William Lawes.



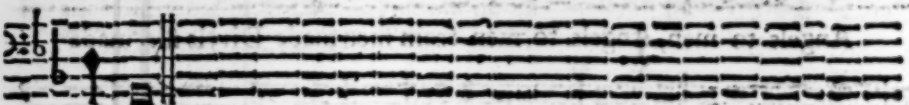
Rave Spirit, art thou fled? and shall not wee,



since thou so soon art dead shed teares for thee?



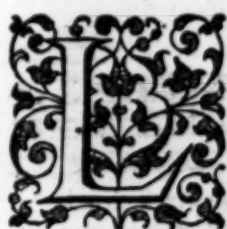
O let our eyes like Limbeck be, still dropping, dropping teares



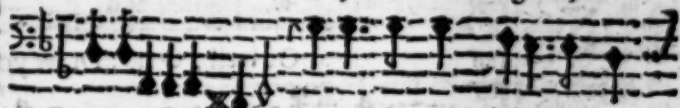
for thee.

By Captain *Edmond Foster.*

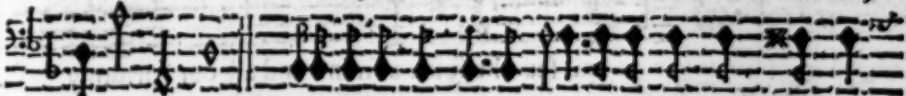
An Elegie on the death of his deare fraternall Friend  
and Fellow, M<sup>r</sup>. *William Lawes*, servant to his Majesty.



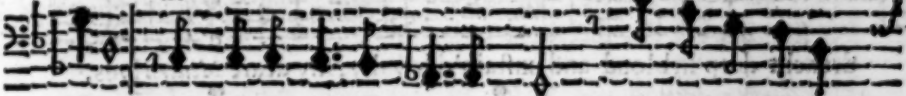
Ament and mourne, he's dead and gone, la-



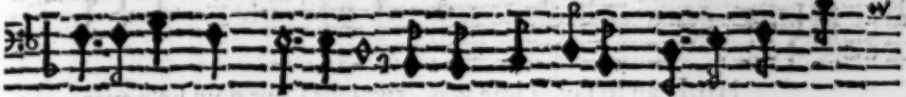
ment, &c. that was the most Admired one,



renowned *Lawes*, Generall of the Forces all in Europe that were mu-  
s.



ficall. Have we not cause to weep and mourne, when as the children



yet unborn may make us sad, to think that neither girle nor boy, shall



ever live for to enjoy such *Lawes*, such *Lawes* as once they had,

D d

By *Simon I ve.*

An Elegiack Dialogue on the sad losse of his much  
esteemed Friend, M<sup>r</sup> William Lawes, servant to his Majesty.

Of 3. Voc.

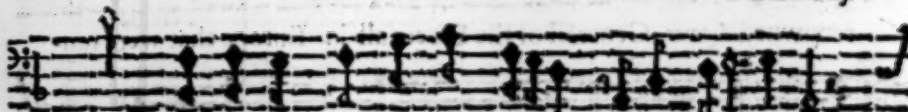
Bassus.



Ot well? O no: Draw yon black cloud,



and see the soule of mine and all our harmony



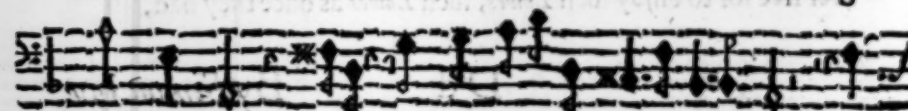
drencht deep in blond and unstain'd loyalty, my deare *Mistris* lyes.



Hard hap to say, Time was, 'twas he, but now he's ever,



ever lost to time and mee. A fatall breath of honour challeng'd



death with death. |Vertue to have a loyall fame, a royall grave. O



Bassus.



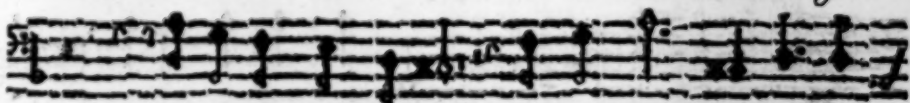
now all poure, good *Will*, good *Will* and *Loves* is gone, and I forlorne



am come to poure my balme into his wounds, and showre these liquid



streames, untill I be (deare Ghost) chang'd to a ghost like thee. *gentle*



Indeed my springs are dry : With thy warme dew bathe his



breast, for he is cold, cold as death, cold as death, and laid to rest. Then




joyne our woes, and let our joyes dissever, wee'l sing in griefe, sing in

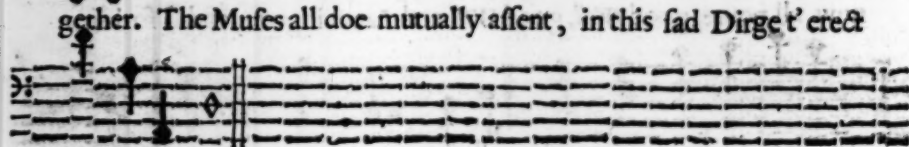


griefe, and drop, drop, drop, drop our teares, and drop our teares to-

Bassus.

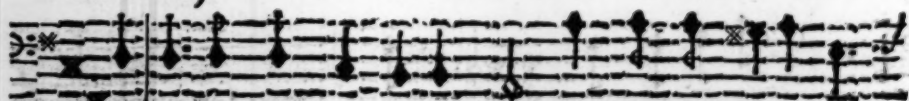


gether. The Muses all doe mutually assent, in this sad Dirge t' erect

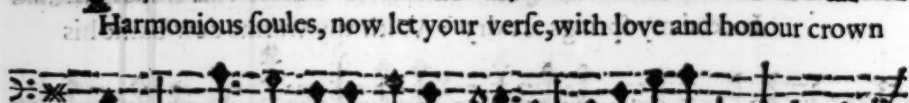


his Monument.

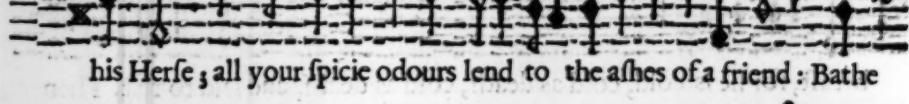
Chorus of 3.




Harmonious soules, now let your verse, with love and honour crown



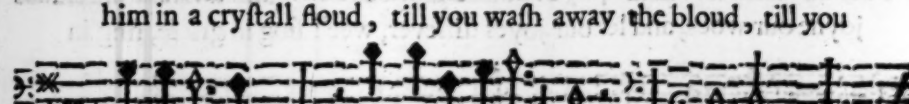
his Herse; all your spicie odours lend to the ashes of a friend: Bathe



him in a crystall floud, till you wash away the bloud, till you

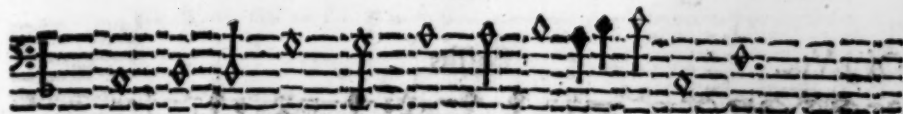


wash away the bloud, till, &c.

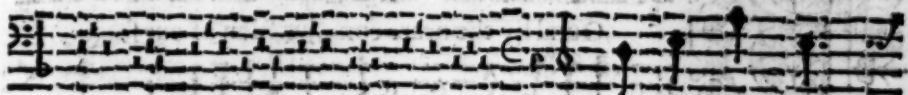


Gently wind

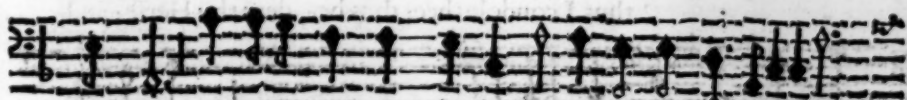
Bassus.



him, and then bring fresh Bayes and Laurell from the Spring.



Time will fade them, make

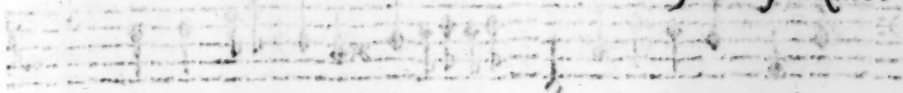


them dye: All other Trophies now lay by, no triumph to eternity,



no triumph, no triumph to eternity.

John Finkins.



and his widow's tears to celebrate with

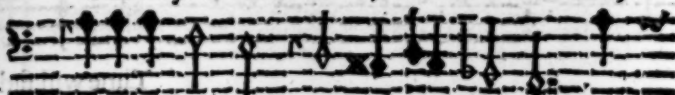
# An Elegie on his Friend Mr. *William Lawes*.

Of 3. Voc.

Bassus.



Ound by the neare con- junction of our foules,



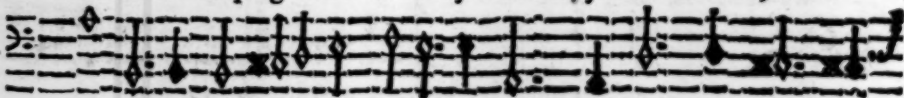
thus I condole thee, thus be- dew thy Herse; and|



whilst my throbbing heart thy Exit towles, towles, towles, accept this



sacrifice of weeping verse. What eyes can drily stubborne be, when



*Lawes* resteth at such a long continued pause: Let teares, let teares, like




pendants, garnish ev'ry note, wav'd top and fro with gales of mourn-



full fighes, and let the widow'd Muses joyntly vote, to celebrate with

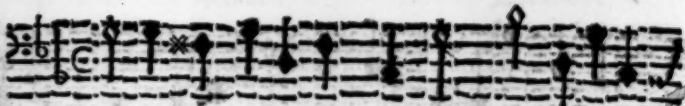
Of 3. Voc.

Bassus:



griefe thy Obsequies : for with thee vanish't all their airie pride, muffled  
in clay, muffled, &c. that erst was stellifi'd. Since then i'th center  
sleeps true harmony, let him (that's greedy of that sacred gaine, that  
sacred gaine,) close to his mother earth his eare apply ; there wait to  
heare some sad melodious straine. Within this womb hath pale im-  
partiall death, too soon, too soon confin'd the Quintessence of breath.

*John Hilton.*



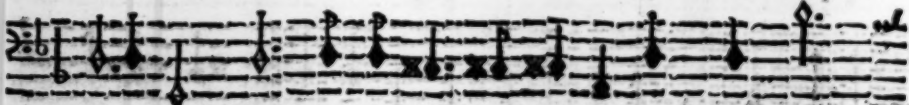
Ord, as the Hart imboist with heat brayes after the



coole Rivolet, so fighes my soule for thee, my soule



thirsts for the living God : when shall I enter his abode, and there his



beauties see : Teares are my food both night and day, whiles where's

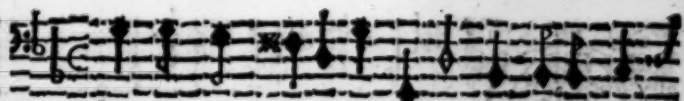


thy God they daily say : My soule in plaints I shed, when I remember



how in throngs, we fill'd thy house with praise, with praise and songs.

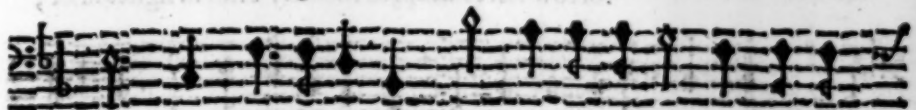




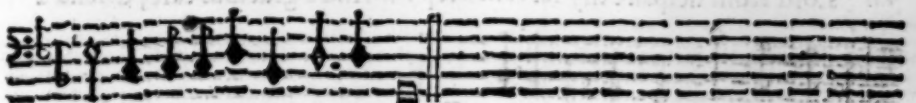
Et God, the God of Battell rise, and scatter his



proud enemies : O let them flie before his face like

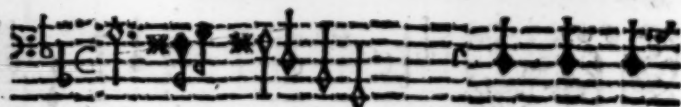


smoak, which driving tempests chase ; as wax dissolves with scorching



fire, so perish in his burning ire.

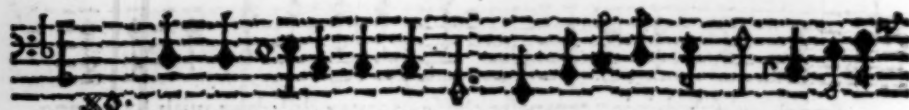
E e



Ut of the horrou of the Deep, where feare and



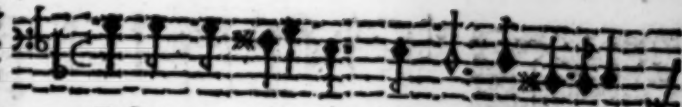
forrow never sleep, to thee my cries in sighes arise;



Lord from despaire thy servant keep: O lend a gracious eare, O lend a



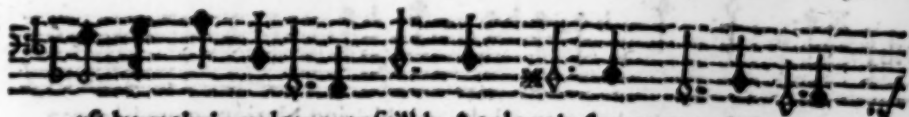
gracious eare, and my petitions heare.



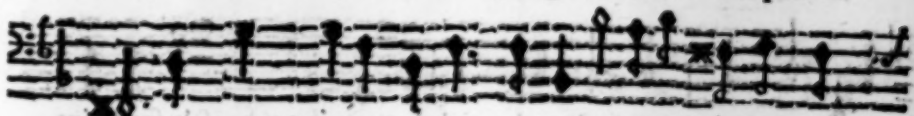
Oft from my early youth have they afflicted me,



may Israel say, oft from my early youth assail'd, as

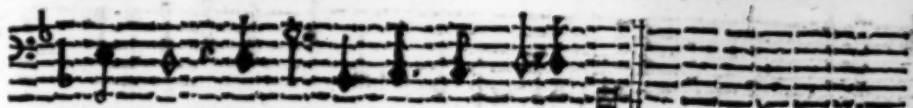


oft have their endeavours fail'd : As plough-shares tear the patient

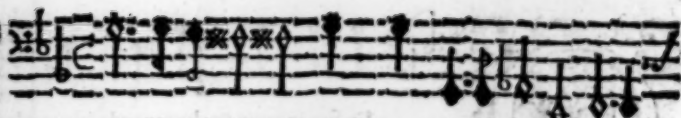


ground, as plough-shares, &c.

The ever Just hath broke



their bands, and sav'd me from their cruell hands.



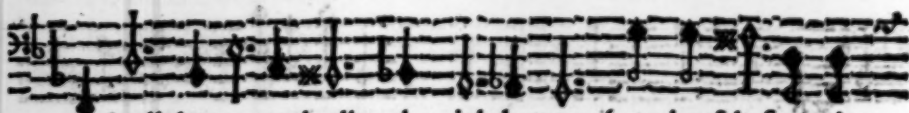
Ow like a widow ? Ah ! how desolate this City



fits, thrown from the pride of state ? How is this



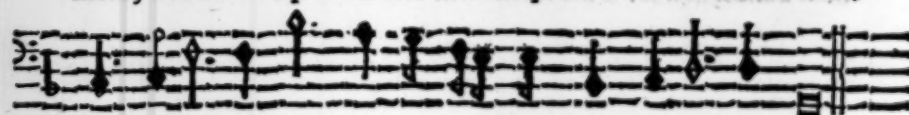
potent Queen, who lawes to all the neighb'ring Nations gave, become



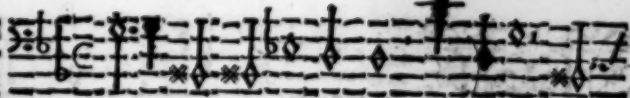
a thrall, become a thrall ? who nightly teares from her salt fountains



sheds, which fall upon her cheeks in liquid beds. Of all her lovers,



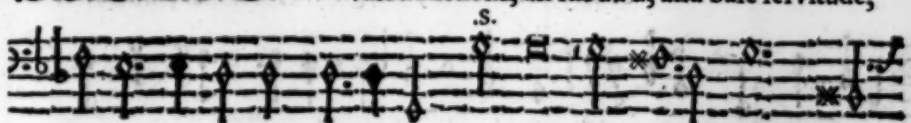
none regard her woes, and her perfidious friends increase her foes.



Udah in ex- ile wanders: Ah subdu'd by



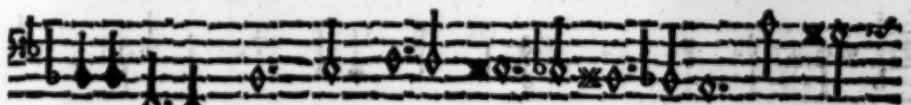
vast afflictions, ah subdu'd, and base servitude,



among the Heathen finds no rest. Ah ! see how Si- on mourns, how



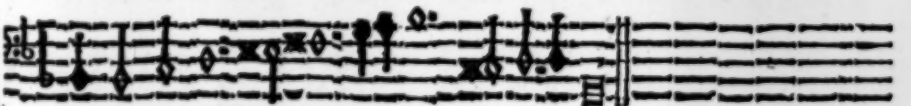
Sion mourns, her gates and wayes lye unfrequented on her solemne,



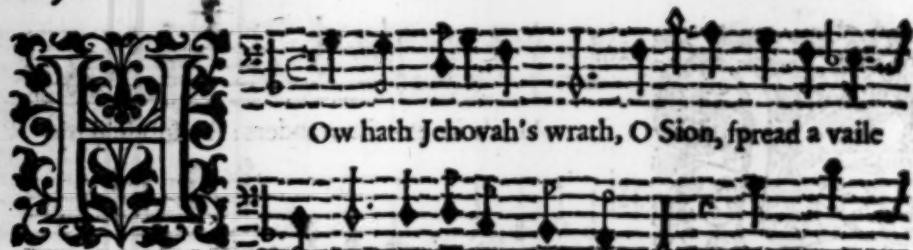
on her solemne dayes. Her Virgins weep, her Virgins weep, her Priests



lament, her Priests lament, her Priests lament, and all her sweets

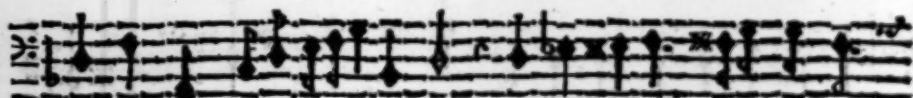


convert to gall, and all, &c.



Ow hath Jehovah's wrath, O Sion, spread a vail

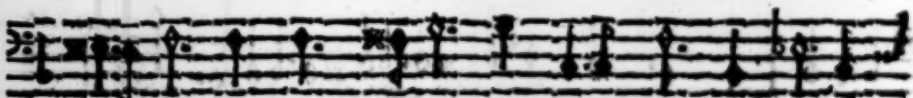
of clouds about thy daughters head ! From heav'n



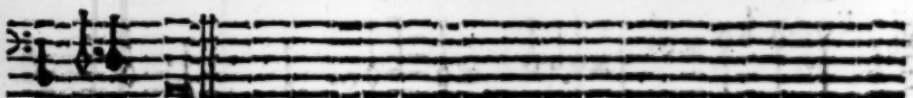
to earth thy beauty Israel is thrown, nor in his fierce displeasure spar'd



his owne, nor in his fierce displeasure spar'd his owne : yet Lord thou



e- ver liv'st, thy Throne shall last, when Fun' all flames the world to



cinders waste.





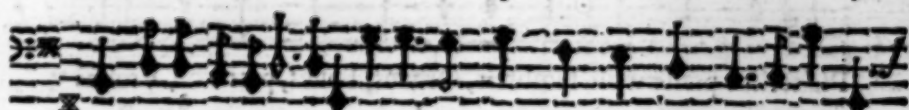
Ing to the King of kings, sing in unusuall layes, that hath



wrought wondrous things, his conquests crowne with praise, whose

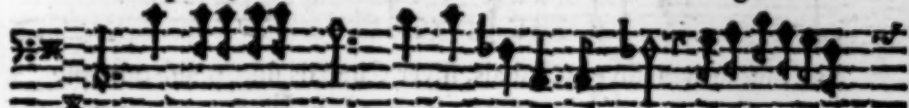


arme alone and sacred hands their impious bands have overthrowne,



their impious, &c.

Let all that dwell on earth their high affections



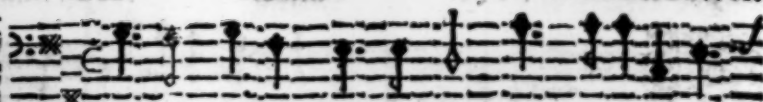
raise with univerrall mirth, and loudly sing his praise; to Musick



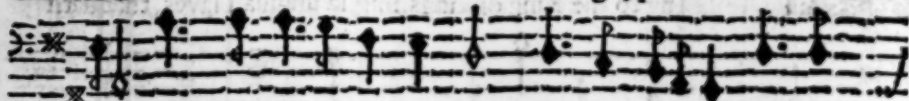
joyne the warbling voice: let all rejoyce, let all rejoyce, let all rejoyce



with joy divine, let all rejoyce, rejoyce with joy divine.



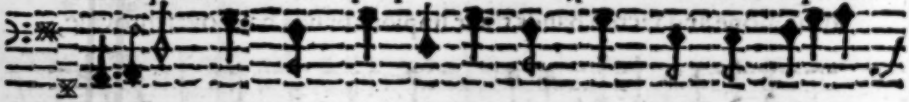
Raise the Lord enthron'd on high, praise him in his fan-



city; praise him for his mighty deeds, praise him who in pow'r ex-



ceeds: praise with Trumpet pierce the skies, praise him with Harps and



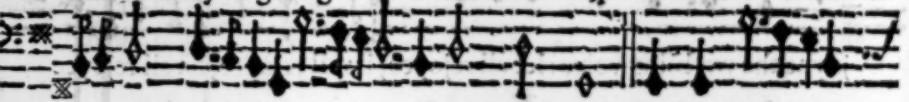
Psalteries: praise with Timbrels, Organs, Flutes, praise on Violins



and Lutes: with silver Cimbals, silver Cimbals sing, praise on those

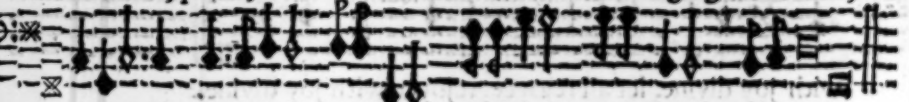


which loudly ring. Angels all of humane birth, praise the Lord of heav'n

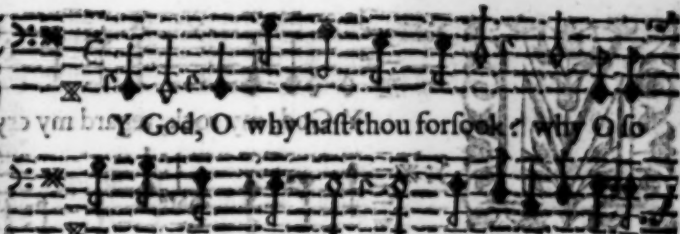


and earth, praise, &c.

of heav'n and earth. Singing Halleluiah,



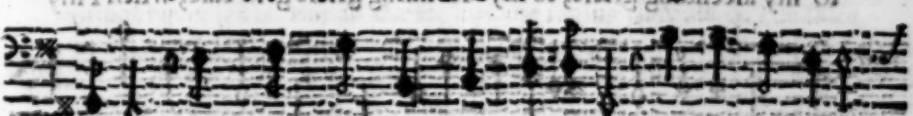
Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah.



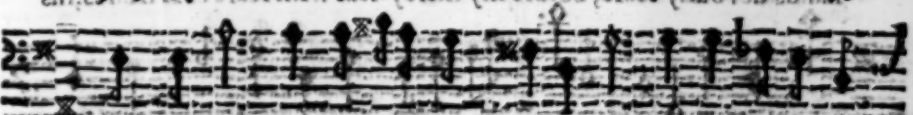
My God, O why hast thou forsook me: why O so  
far withdrawn thine aide: nor when I roared pitie



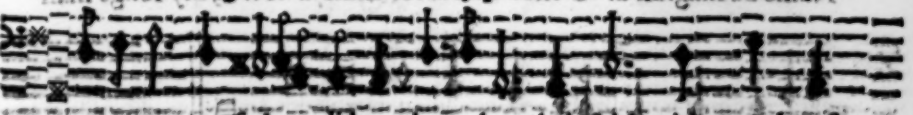
took: My God, by day to thee I pray'd, and when nights curtains were



display'd, yet wouldst not thou vouchsafe a look: yet thou art holy,



thron'd on high: The Israelites thy praise renown'd, the Israelites, &c.

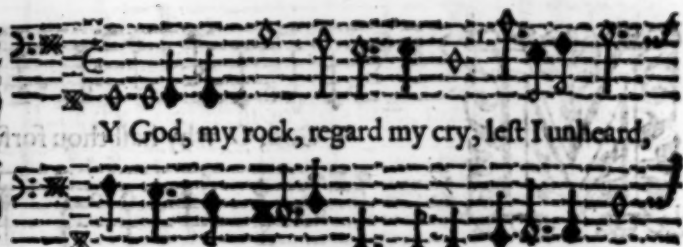


our fathers did on thee relye, their faith with wreaths of



conquest crown'd, they fought thee, and deliv'rance found.

F f

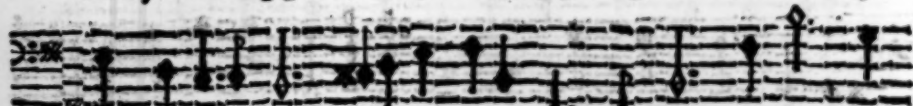


Y God, my rock, regard my cry, lest I unheard,

like those that dye, in shades of dark oblivion lye :



to my ascending griefe, to my ascending griefe give care, when I my



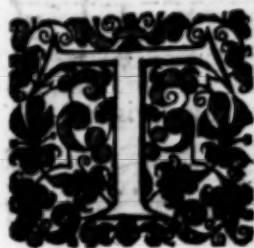
hands devoutly feare, before thy mercy-seat with feare : He heares, his



Name be magnifi'd. O thou that art to thine a tow'r, my songs shall



celebrate thy pow'r, my songs shall celebrate thy pow'r.



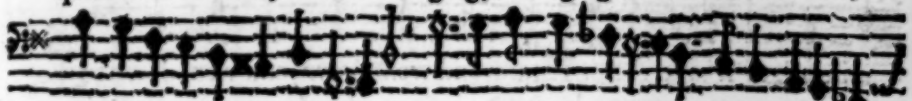
Hey who the Lord their fortresse make, shall



like the tow'rs of Sion rise, which dreadfull earth-



quakes never shake, nor all the raging, the raging tumults of the skies,



nor all, &c.

Lo, as the hills of Salima divine Jerusa-



lem inclose, so shall his Angels in the day of danger shield and save



them from their foes, save them from their foes.

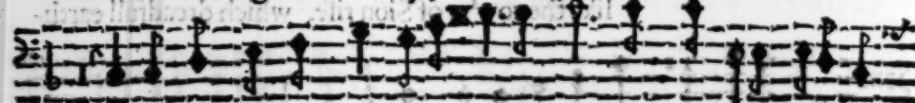




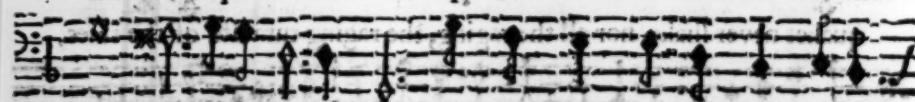
Ehold, behold how good and joyfull a thing it is, Bre-



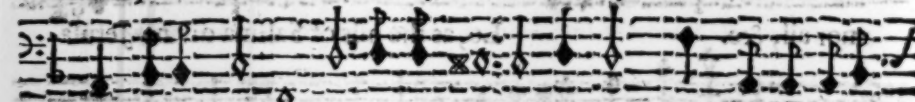
thren to dwell together in unity, Brethren, &c.



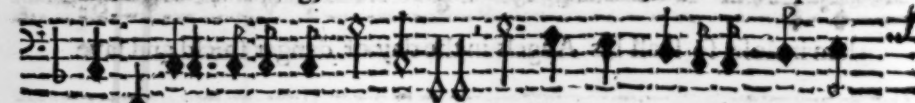
'tis like the precious ointment upon the head that ran down unto the



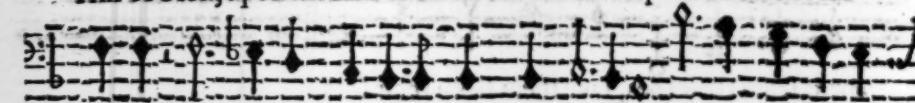
beard, ev'n unto Aarons beard, and went down, and went down to the



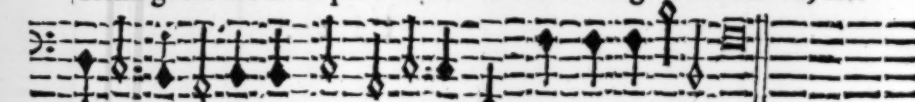
skirts of his clothing, like as the dew of Hermon, which fell upon the



Hill of Sion, upon the Hill of Sion: For the Lord promised there his

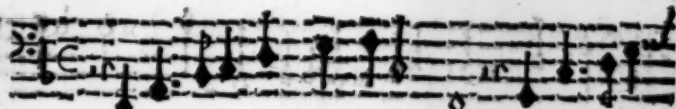


blessing: for the Lord promised there his blessing: for the Lord, &c.

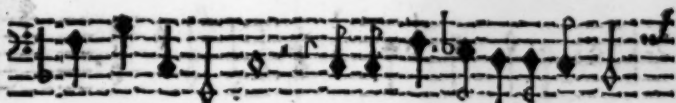


and life for evermore, and life for evermore.





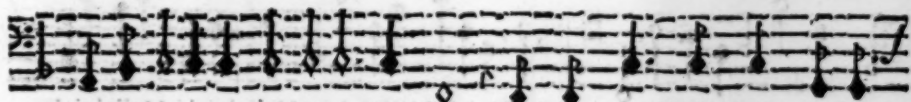
Sing unto the Lord a new song, O sing unto



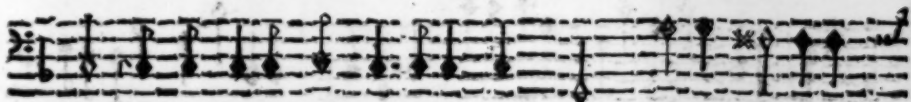
the Lord a new song : let the congregation of Saints



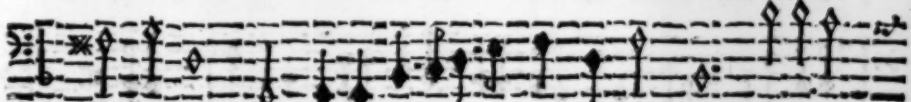
praise him, let Is- rael rejoyce in him that made him, and let the chil-



dren of Sion be joyfull in their King : Let them praise his Name in the



dance, let the praises of God be in their mouthes, and a two-edged



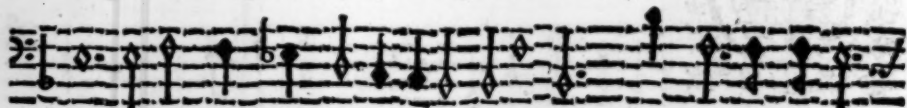
sword in their hands, and a two-edged sword in their hands, to be a-



venged on the Heathen, and to rebuke the people, to bind their



Kings in chaines, to bind their Kings in chaines, and their Nobles in



links of ir'n, that they may be avenged of them. Such honour have all



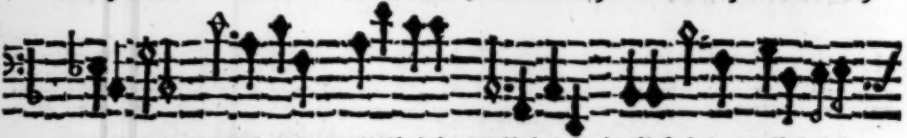
his Saints, such, &c.

such honour, &c.

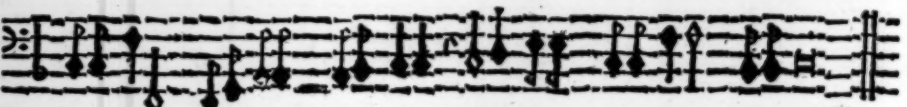


such, &c.

Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah,



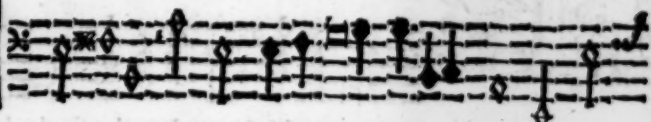
Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah,



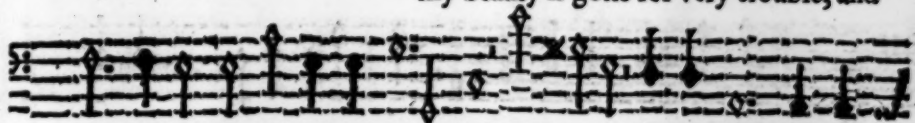
Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah.



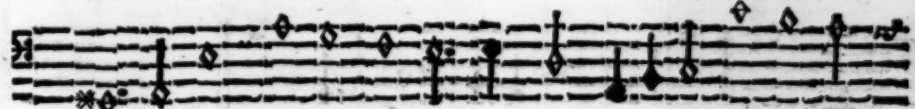
Am weary of my groaning, I am, &c.



my beauty is gone for very trouble, and



worne away because of mine enemies : O save me, for in death who re-



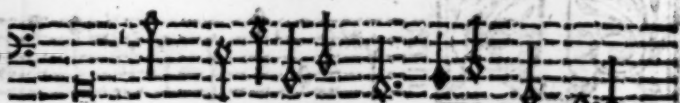
membreth thee ? Or who will give thee thanks in the pit ? or who will



give thee thanks, or who will give thee thanks in the pit ? in the pit.



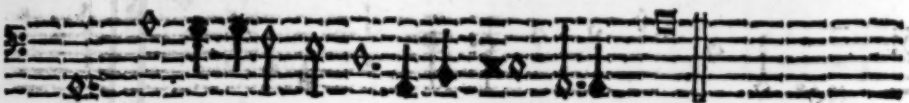
N the subtraction of my yeares , I said with



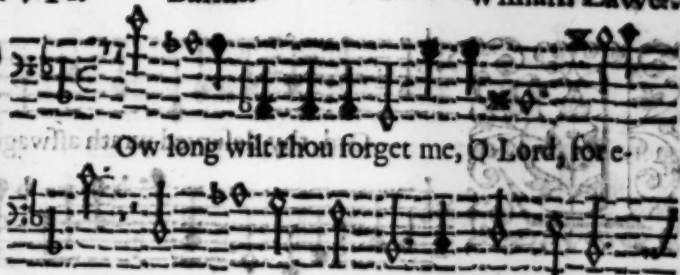
teares, Ah ! now I to the shades below must naked



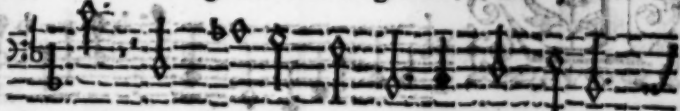
goe , cut off by death before my time, and like a flower cropt in my



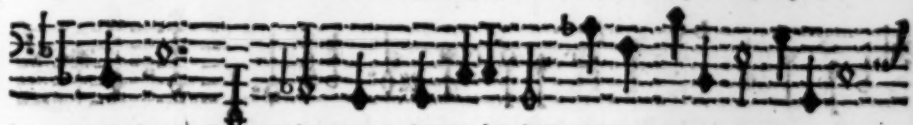
prime, and like a flower cropt in my prime, in my prime.



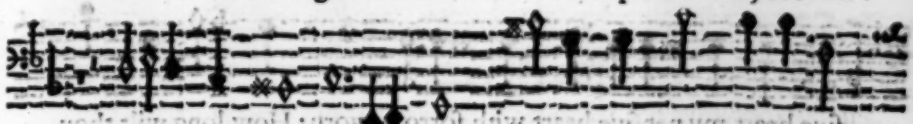
Ow long wilt thou forget me, O Lord, for-



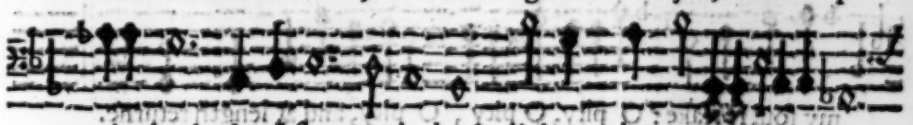
ver? How long wilt thou hide thy face, thy face



from mee? How long shall mine enemies triumph over me, over me?



Consider and heare me, O Lord: Lighten mine eyes, that I sleep



not in death, that I sleep not in death; lighten mine eyes, &c.



that I sleep not in death.



Ord, thy deserved wrath assuage, nor punish in

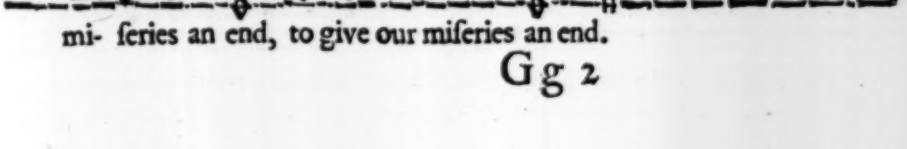
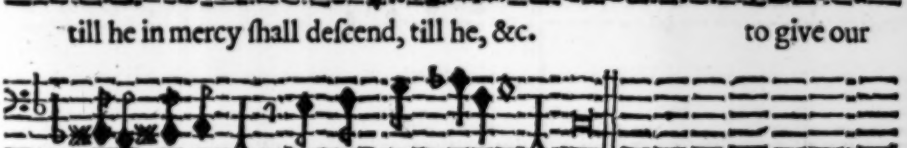
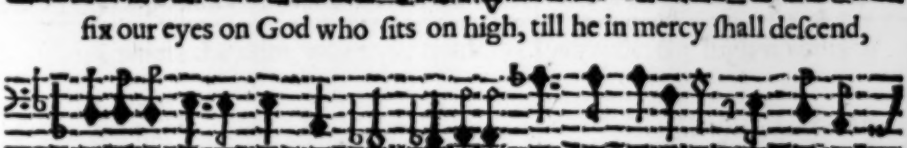
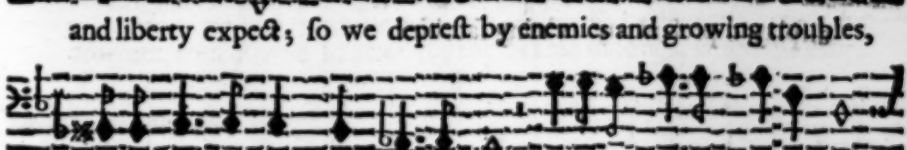
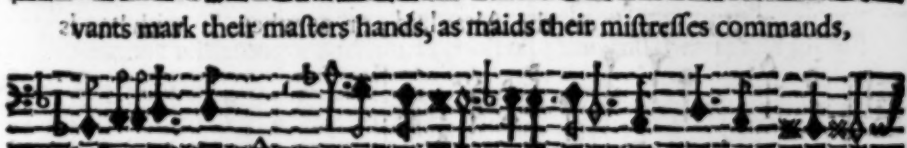
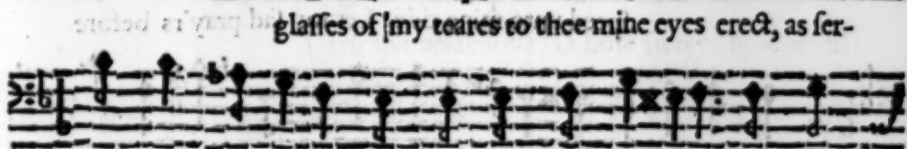
thy burning ire, let mercy mitigate thy rage, before

my fainting soule expire: O heale, my bones with anguish ake; my pen-

sive heart, my pensive heart with sorrow worn: How long wilt thou

my soul forsake? O pity, O pity, O pity, and at length returne.

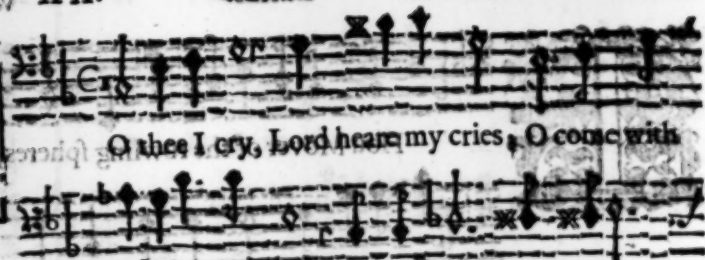




Of 3. Vocal. XX.

Bassus.

XIX William Lawes

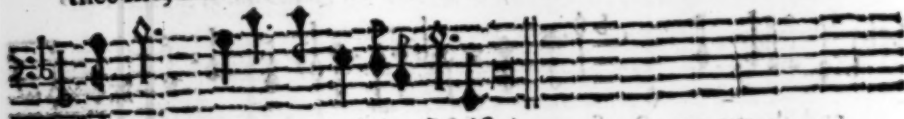


O thee I cry, Lord hear my cries, O come with

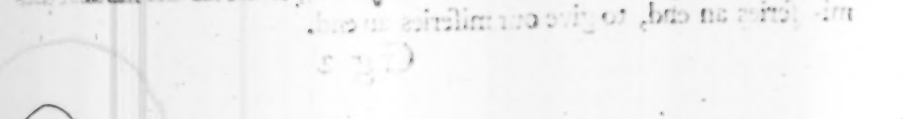
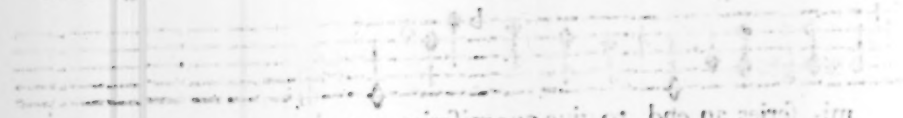
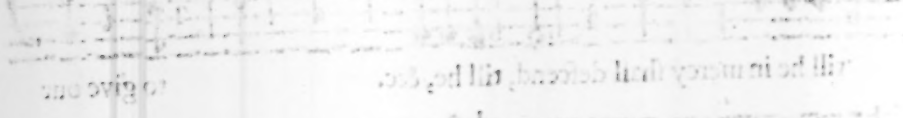
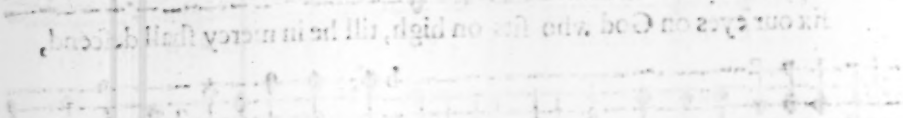
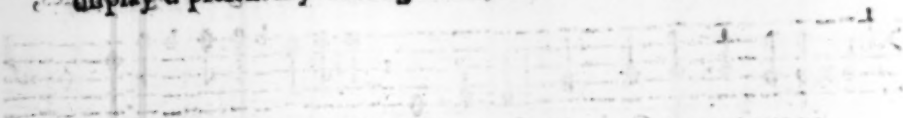
speed unto mine aide: Let my sad pray'rs before

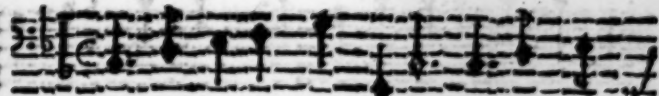


thee rise, like incense on the Altar laid; or, as when I with hands



display'd present my ev'ning sacrifice.

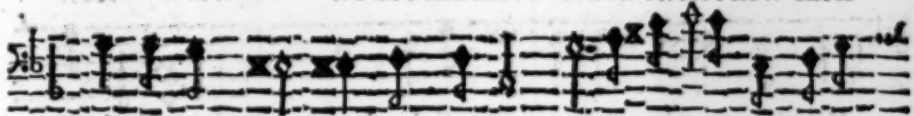




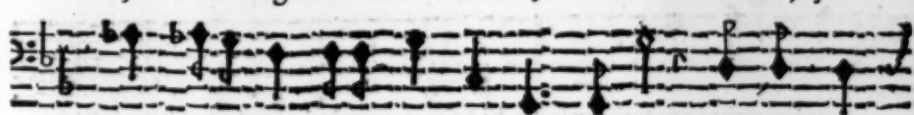
Thou that art enthron'd above, thou by whom



we live and move: O how sweet! how excel-



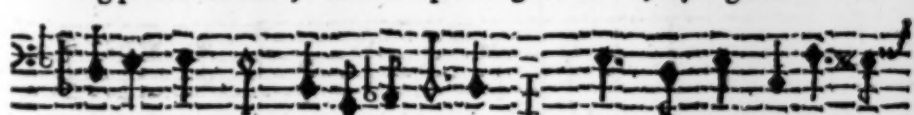
lent, is't with tongue and hearts consent, thankfull hearts and joyfull



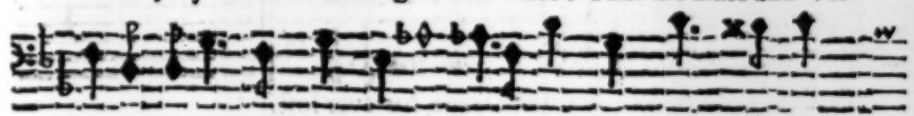
tongues, to renowne, to renowne thy Name in songs, when the morn-



ing paints the skies, when the sparkling stars arise, thy high favours to



reherse, thy firme faith in gratefull verse: Take the Lute and Vio-



lin, let the solemne Harp begin: Instruments tun'd with ten strings,

Bassus.



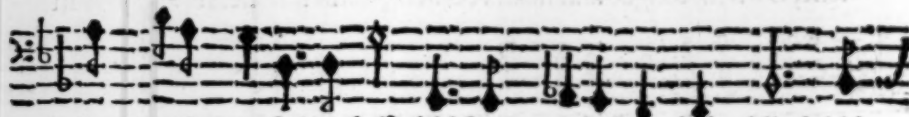
while the silver Cimball rings : from thy works my joy proceeds,



while I triumph, while, &c. while, &c. triumph in thy deeds.



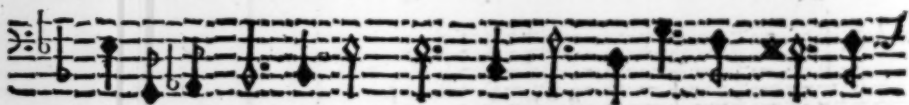
Who thy wonders can expresse : all thy thoughts are fathomlesse, all



thy thoughts are fathomlesse, hid from men in knowledge blind, hid



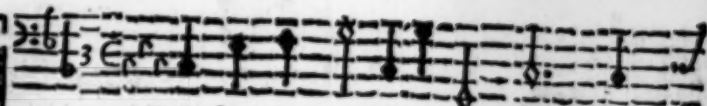
from fooles to vice inclin'd : who that tyrant Sin o- bey, though they



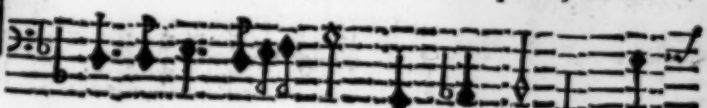
spring like flowr's in May, parcht with heat, and nipt with frost, soon



shall fade, soon, &c. soon shall fade, for ever lost.



Ome sing the great Jehovah's praise, whose



mercies have pro- long'd, prolong'd our dayes, sing



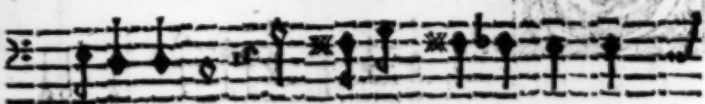
with a loud and cheerfull voice, with bending knees and raised eyes,



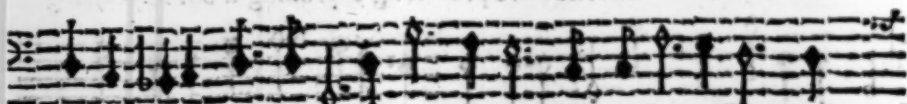
your God adore, in sacred hymnes, in sacred hymnes rejoyce.



O thee, O God, my God I pray'd, before the dawn-



ing of the day, my soule and wasting flesh with



thirsty ardour thee desire, in scorched soile with Ætheriall fire, whose

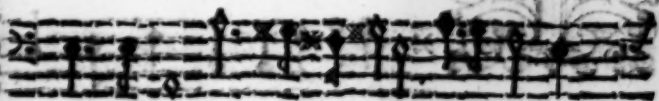


drought no showr's, whose drought no showr's refresh.

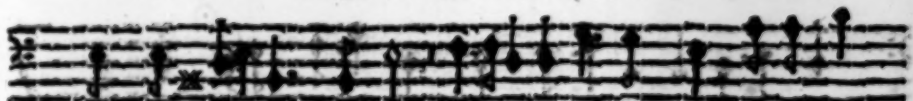




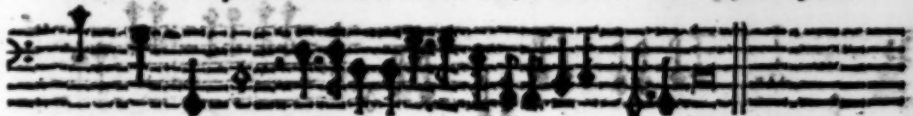
O the God whom we adore, sing a song un-



sing before; his im- mortal praise reherse,

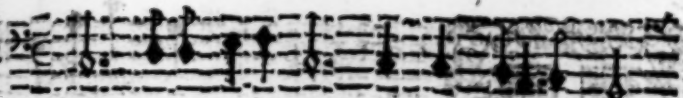


where his holy Saints converse. Israel, O thou his choice, in thy Ma-

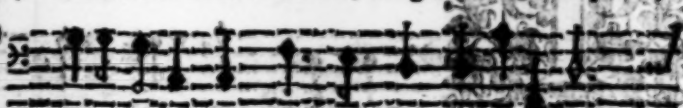


kers Name rejoyce, Israel, &c.

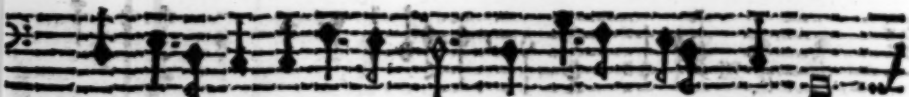
H h



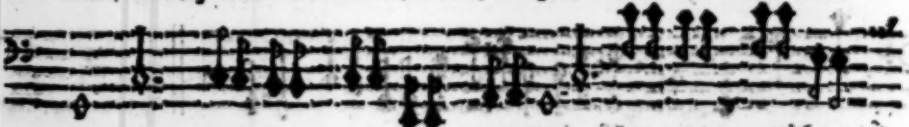
Ee Nations of the earth, our great Preserver praise,



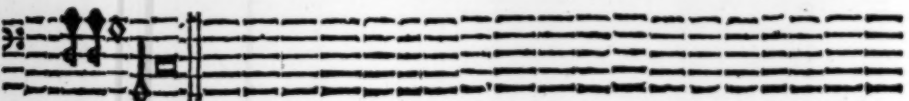
all ye of humane birth, to heav'n his glory raise,



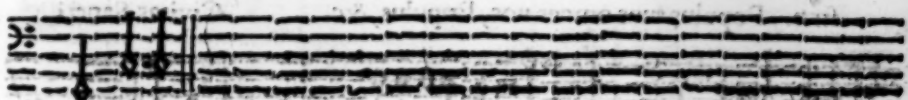
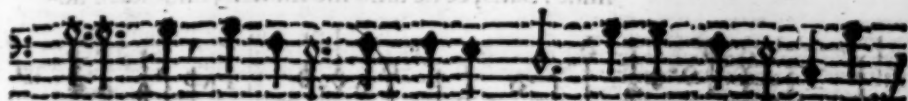
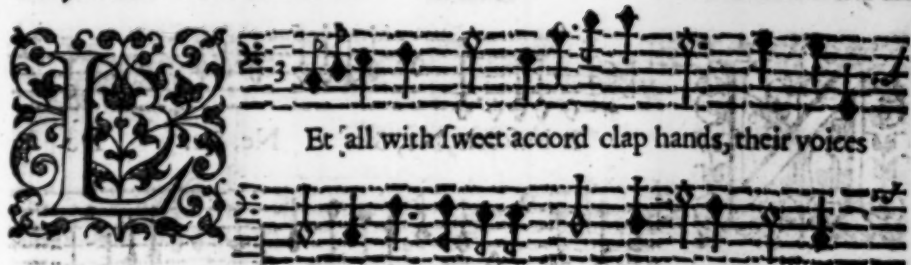
whose mercy hath no end nor bound, his promise crown'd with con-



stant faith. Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah,



Halleluiah.



**N** Erascaris, Ne, &c. Ne, &c. Do-

mine : Satis, & ne ultra me mineris, iniquitatis no-

stra. Populus tuus omnes nos, Populus, &c. Civitas Sancti

tui facta est deserta. Sion deserta facta est. Jerusalem,

Je- rusalem deso- la- ta est, de- so- lata est.

M



Emento, Memento Domine congregationis tuae,



Memento Domine, Memento Domine: quam pos-



sedisti ab initio, quam, &c.

quam, &c.



quam, &c.

quam posse-

disti ab initio. Libera eos,



li-bera eos ex omnibus tribulatio-nibus, tribulatio-nibus, tribula-



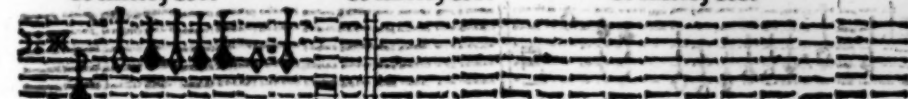
tioni, tribulatio-nibus, & mitte eis auxilium, & mitte, &c.



& mitte, &c.

& mitte, &c.

& mitte, &c.



& mitte eis auxilium.



N resurrectione, in, &c.

in, &c.

tua Domine, tua Domine, in re-

sur- recti- one, in, &c.

tua Domine, tua Domine.

in, &c.

tua Domine. Latentur coeli, & exultet

terra, & exultet terra, exul- tet terra, exul- tet terra, exultet ter- ra.

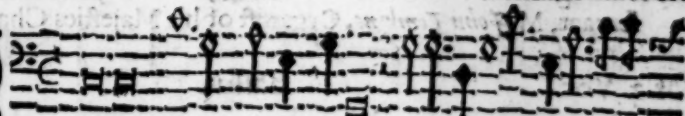
& exul- tet terra.

## Halleluiah.

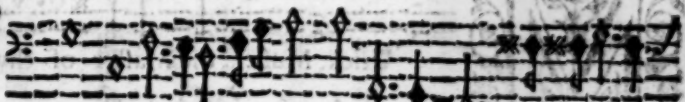
**Halle- luiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halle- luiah Halleluiah.**

Hallelui- ah, Halleluiah.





Loria, gloria, gloria Patri, & Filio, & Spiritui



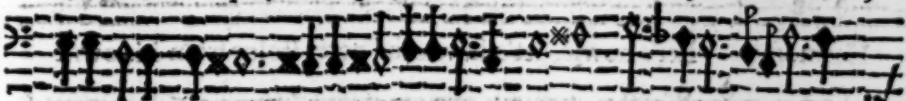
sancto, & Spiritui sancto, Et, &c.



& Spi-ritui sancto. Sicut erat in principio, sicut, &c.



Et nunc, & semper, & semper, & in secu-la, seculorum, Amen. Secula,



seculorum, Amen. Secu-la, seculorum, Amen. Secula, seculorum,



A-men, Seculorum, A-men.

By W. Lawes.

An Elegie on the death of his very worthy Friend and Fellow-  
servant, M. *John Tomkins*, Organist of his Majesties Chappell Royall.

Of 3. Voc.

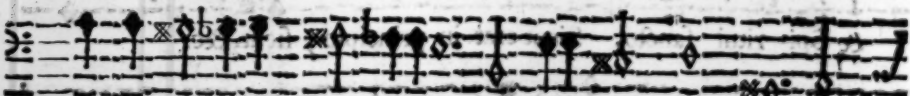
Bassus.



Ulick, Musick, the Master of thy Art is dead,



and with him all thy ravisht sweets are fled ; then



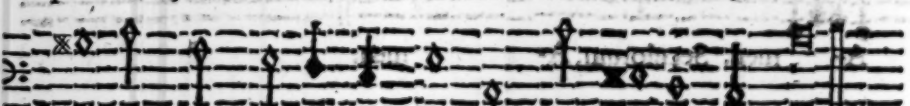
bear a part in thine owne Tragedy : let's celebrate strange griefe with



Harmony. Let's howle, let's howle sad notes stolne from his owne



pure verse, in stead of teares shed on his mournfull Herse, let's howle



sad notes stolne from his owne pure verse, from his owne pure verse.

By *William Lawes*.

CHOICE PSALMES  
PUT INTO  
MUSICK,  
For Three Voices.

The most of which may properly enough be sung  
by any three, with a Thorough Base.

COMPOS'D by

Henry  
and } *Lawes*, Brothers; and Servants to  
William } His Majestie.

With divers Elegies, set in Musick by sev'rall Friends, upon the  
death of WILLIAM LAWES.

And at the end of the Thorough Base are added nine Canons of  
Three and Foure Voices, made by *William Lawes*.

---

LONDON,

Printed by *James Young*, for *Humphrey Moseley*, at the Prince's Armes in  
*S. Pauls Church-yard*, and for *Richard Wodenotbe*, at the Star under  
*S. Peters Church* in Corn-hill. 1648.

# CHOICE PSALMES PUT INTO MUSICK For Three Voices.

The most of which may properly enough be sung  
in any Church, with a Trough.

Composed by

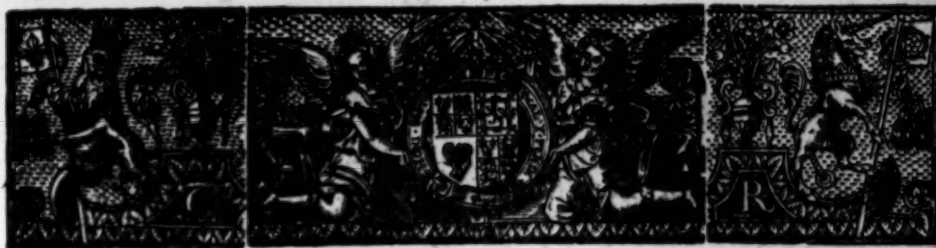


Regi, Regis, &c..

Regum Ar- ca- na cano.

Henricus Lawes

Regia Majestatis à sacra Musica.



TO HIS  
Most Sacred Majestie,  
**CHARLES,**  
BY -  
THE GRACE OF GOD,  
King of great Brittain, France and Ireland,  
Defender of the Faith, &c.



Could not answer mine owne Conscience (most Gracious Sovereigne) should I dedicate these Compositions to any but Your Majestie; they were born and nourish'd in Your Majesties service, and long since design'd (such as they are) an Offering to Your Royall hand. Many of them were compos'd by my Brother (*William Lawes,*) whose life and endeavours were devoted

## *The Epistle Dedicatorie.*

to Your service; whereof, I (who knew his heart) am a surviving witnesse, and therein he persisted to that last minute, when he fell a willing Sacrifice for Your Majestie: I were unworthy such a Brother, should I tender ought that is his, or mine, to any but our Gracious Master (from whose Royall Bounty both of us receiv'd all we enjoy'd;) and such an Inscription would not only seem a Theft and Alienation of what is Your Majesties, but (which I most abhorre) would make me taste of these ungratefull dayes. Your Majestie knowes when the Regall Prophet first penn'd these Psalmes, he gave them to the Musicians to be set to tunes; and they humbly brought them to *David* the King. Besides, *Mr. Sandys* inscribes his Translation to Your Sacred Majestie; so that this I offer is Your Majesties in all capacities, and doth not so properly come, as rebound back to Your Majestie. I was easily drawn to this presumption, by Your Majesties known particular affection to *David's* Psalmes, both because the Psalter is held by all Divines one of the most excellent parts of holy Scripture; as also in regard much of Your Majesties present condition, is lively described by King *David's* pen. The King of Heaven and Earth restore Your Majestie according to Your own righteous heart, which is the daily earnest prayer of

Your Majesties most humble,

most loyally devoted Subject and Servant,

HENRY LAWES.





## To the R E A D E R.



*These following Compositions of mine and my Brothers, set at severall times, and upon severall Occasions, (having been often heard, and well approv'd of, chiefly by such as desire to joyne Musick with Devotion) I have been much importuned to send to the Presse, and should not easily have been perswaded to it now, (especially in these dissonant times) but to doe a Right (or at least to shew my Love) to the Memory of my Brother, unfortunately lost in these unnaturall Warres; yet lyes in the Bed of Honour, and expir'd in the Service and Defence of the King his Master. Living, he was generally known, and (for his Parts) much honoured by Persons of best quality and condition. To give a further Character of him I shall forbear, because of my neer relation, and rather referre that to those Elegies which many of his noble Friends have written in a peculiar Book: But, as to what he hath done in Musick, I shall desire the present and the future Age, that so much of his Works as are here published, may be received, as the least part of what he hath compos'd, and but a small Testimony of his greater Compositions, (too voluminous for the Presse) which I the rather now mention,*

## To the Reader.

mention, lest being, as they are, disperst into private hands, they may chance be hereafter lost; for, besides his Fancies of the Three, Four, Five and Six Parts to the Viols and Organ, he hath made above thirty severall sorts of Musick for Voices and Instruments: Neither was there any Instrument then in use, but he compos'd to it so aptly, as if he had only studied that. As for that which is my part in this Composition, I had not thought at all (though much urg'd) to publish; but that, as they had their birth at the same time with his, and are of the same kinde, so they might enter both into the light together, and accompany one another being so neere allied; Mine taking precedence of order only, not of worth. I may be thought too partiall in what I have spoke of a Brother; but here are following many of our Friends and Fellowes, (whose excellency in Musick is very well knowne) who doe better speak for him, while they mourne his Obsequies: yet I (oblig'd before all other) cannot but bewaile his losse, and shall celebrate his memory to my last houre.

Henry Lawes.



To the Incomparable Brothers, Mr. *Henry*,  
and Mr. *William Lawes* (Servants to His Majestie)  
upon the setting of these Psalmes.

**H**e various Musick, both for Aire and Art,  
These Arch-Musicians, in their sev'rall waies  
Compos'd, and Acted, merit higher praise  
Then wonder-wanting knowledge can impart.  
Brothers in blood, in Science and Affection,  
Belov'd by those that envie their Renowne;  
In a False Time true Servants to the Crowne:  
Lawes of themselves, needing no more direction.  
The depth of Musique one of them did sound,  
The t'other took his flight into the aire:  
O then thrice happy and industrious paire,  
That both the depth and height of Musique found.  
Which my sweet Friend, the life of Lovers pens,  
In so milde manner hath attain'd to do,  
He looks the better, and his hearers too;  
So in exchange all Ladies are his friends.  
And when our Meditations are too meane  
To keep their raptures longer on the wing,  
They soar'd up to that Prophet and that King,  
Whose Love is God, and Heav'n his glorious Scene:  
Setting his Psalmes, whereby both they and we  
May singing rise to immortalitie.

To his Friend Mr. *Henry Lawes*, upon his Compositions.

**T**O chaine wilde Winds, calme raging Seas, recall  
From profound Hell, and raise to Heav'n, are all  
Of Harmony no fables, but true story;  
Man has within a storme, a paine, a glory:  
And these in me struck by that art divine,  
Submit to Musique, above all to thine.

*J. Harington.*

To my Friend Mr. *Henry Lawes*.

**H***Arry*, whose tunefull and well measur'd song  
First taught our English Musick how to span  
Words with just note and accent, not to scan  
With *Midas* cares, committing short and long,  
Thy worth and skill exempts thee from the throng,  
With praise enough for *Envie* to look wan:  
To after age thou shalt be writ the man  
That with smooth Aire couldst humour best our tongue.  
Thou honour'st Verse, and Verse must lend her wing  
To honour thee, the Priest of *Phœbus* Quire,  
That tun'st their happiest Lines in hymne or \* story.  
Dante shall give Fame leave to set thee higher  
Then his *Casella*, whom he woo'd to sing,  
Met in the milder shades of Purgatory.

\* The story  
of Ariadne  
set by him in  
Musick.

*J. Milton.*



To my worthy Friend (and Countriman,)

Mr. *Henry Lawes*, upon his owne, and his Brother

Mr. *William Lawes's* incomparable Works.

WHere shall I place my wonder, when I see  
Such right in both to't, such equalitie  
Of worth in either, that it can't be knowne  
Which does the greatest, and the highest owne ?  
So when two Tapers mixe their beames, we say,  
Not this more lustre has, or that more ray ;  
But each has title to the light, and they  
Make up one, common, undistinguish'd day :  
Or, as when th' *Flamen* divers incense fires,  
The perfume severs not, but in one aspires ;  
So that from this Spice, or that piece of Gum,  
We cannot say, such, or such odours come :  
But mounting in a generall unknowne cloud,  
The wonder of the breath's to each allow'd ;  
So here, such equall worth from each does flow,  
That to each light, to each we incense owe.

'Twas no necessitie (yet) this Union made,  
(As when a weaker light does droop, and fade,  
Unlesse assisted by another) No :  
Each singly could full beames and odours throw.

No wanton, ruder aires affright your eare ;  
Th'are pious only, and chaste numbers here :  
(Such was that lovely *Pean*, when the displeas'd  
Incens'd God th' *Achaick* Host appeas'd,)

Becoming

Becoming or the Temple, or the Shrine,  
Fit to the words they speak; like them, divine.

Such numbers does the soule consist of, where she  
Meeting a glance of her owne harmonic,  
Moves to those sounds she heares; and goes along  
With the whole sense and passion of the song;  
So to an equall height, two strings being wound,  
This trembles with the others stroke; and th' sound  
Which stirr'd this first, the other does awake,  
And the same harmonic they both partake.

Nor doe they only with the soule agree  
In this; they share too in its eternitie:  
And this, the one part of this work has tri'd;  
For, though himselfe remov'd, this does abide,  
And shall doe ever: here, his memory  
Shall still survive, and contemne destiny.

The same waits you (Sir) and when e'r you'r sent  
From us, you'll live here your owne monument.

*Fr. Sambrooke.*



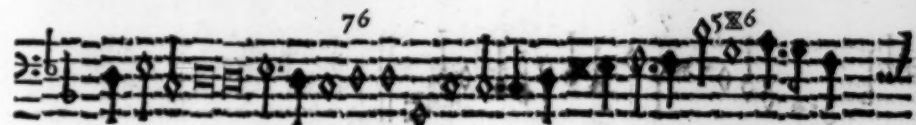
Thorow Base.

I.

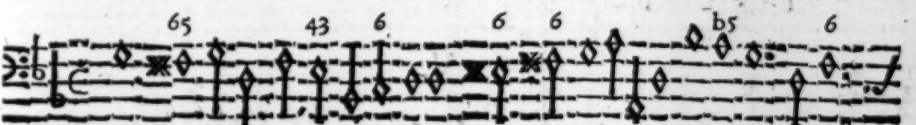
Henry Lawes.



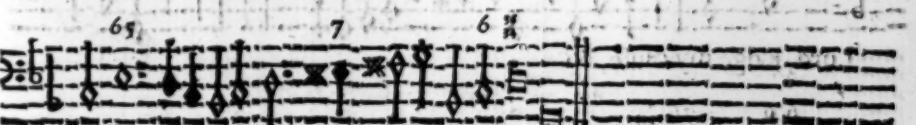
That man is truly blest, &c.



II.



Who trusts in thee, &c.



II

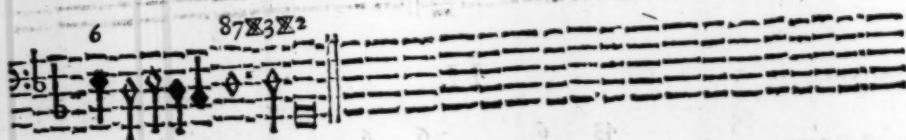
Thorow Base.

III.

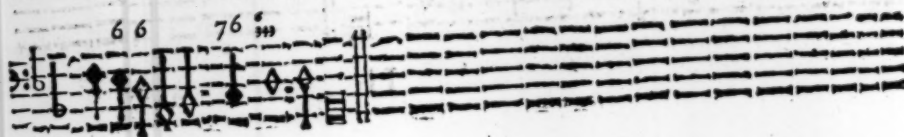
Henry Lawes.



IV.



V.





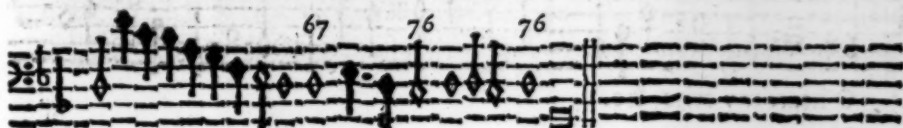
Cast off, &c.



VII.



Thy beauty, Israel, &c.





With fighes, &c.



IX.



Lord, for thy promise sake, &c.



X.



O heare my cries, &c.

Thorow Base.

Henry Lawes.



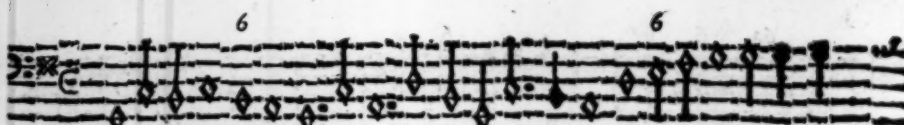
XI.



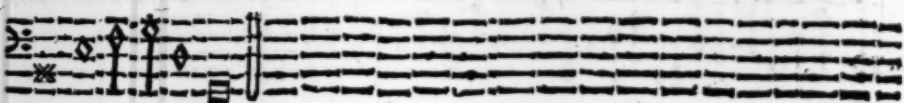
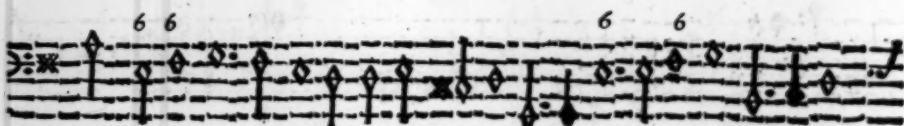
Thorow Base.

XII.

Henry Lawes.



To heare me, Lord, &c.



XIII.



Lord, showre on us, &c.





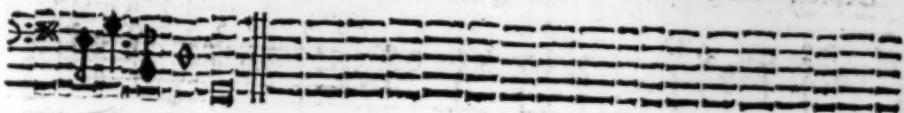
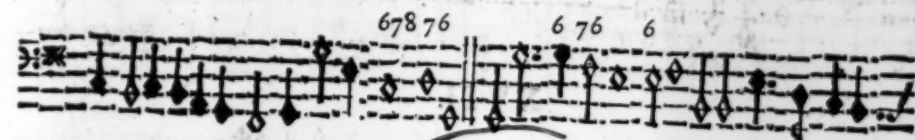
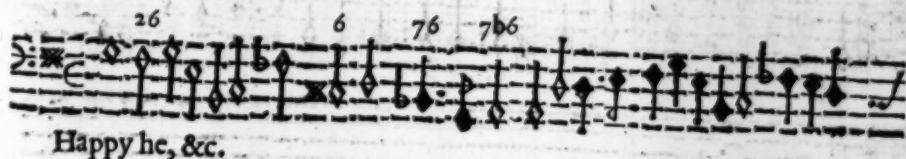
Thorow Base.

XIV.

Henry Lawes.



XV.



Thorow Base.

XVI.

Henry Lawes.



XVII.



Deprest with griefe, &c.



Thorow Base

Henry Lawes.



XVIII.



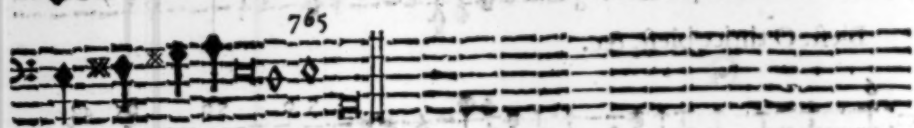
Blest, O thrice blest, &c.



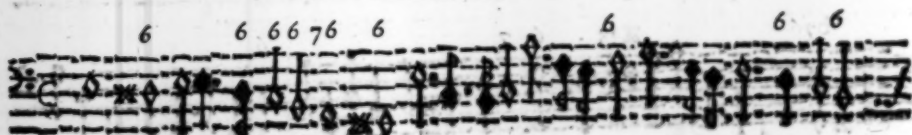
K k



Lord, to my pray'r, &c.



XX.



When grieve, &c.



Thorow Base.

XXX

Henry Lawes.



XXI.



Let our foes, &c.

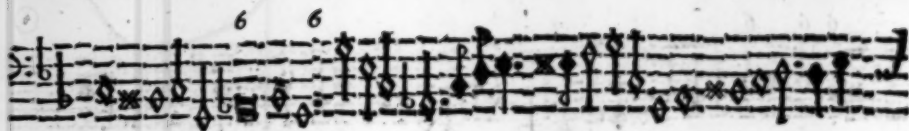


Kk 2

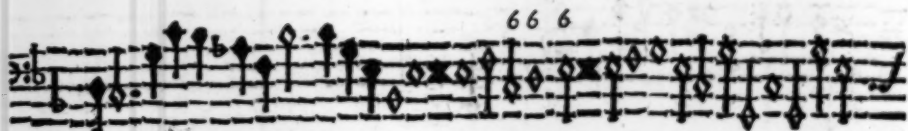
Thorow Base,

XXII.

Henry Lawes.



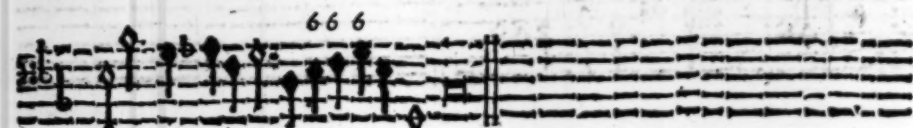
How long, &c.



XXIII.



Accept my pray'r, &c.





Thorough Base!

XXIV.

Henry Lawes.



The bounty of Jehovah, &c.



XXV.



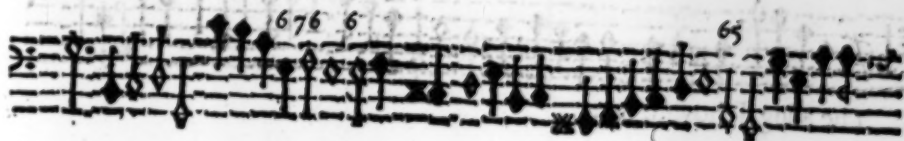
You who the Lord, &c.



XXVI.



Now the Lord, &c.



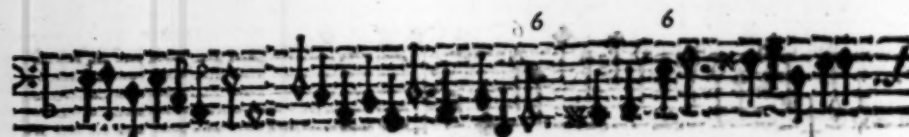
Thorow Bafel

VIXX

Henry Lawes.



XXVII.



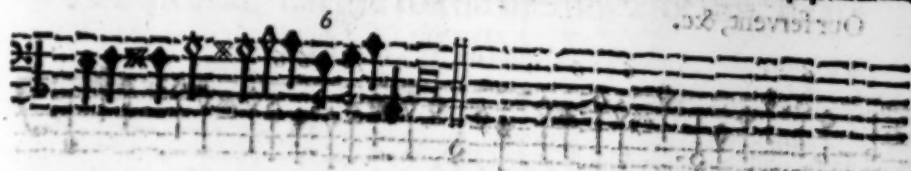
XXVIII.



Therow Baf.

XXX

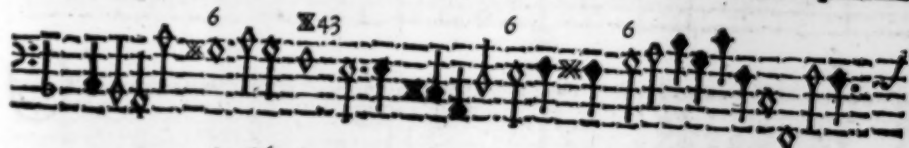
Henry Lawes.



XXIX.



My foule, &c.





Our fervent, &c.



Halleluiah, &c.



A Pastorall Elegie to the memory of my deare  
Brother, *William Lawes.*

Thorow Base.

Gease, O cease, &c.

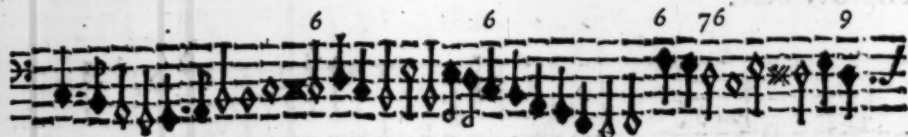
Ll

*Henry Lawes.*

An Elegie to the memory of his Friend and Fellow,  
Mr. *William Lawes*, servant to His Majestie.



O doe not now lament, &c.



By *John Wilson*, Doctor in Musique.



To the memory of his much respected Friend and  
Fellow, Mr. *William Lawes*.

Thorow Base.



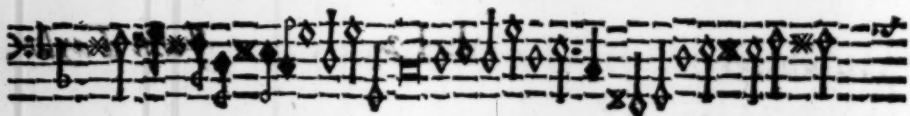
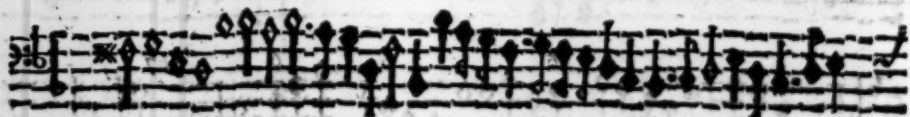
L 1 2

*John Taylor.*

An Elegie on the death of his Friend and Fellow-  
servant, Mr. *William Lawes*.



Deare *Will* is dead, &c.

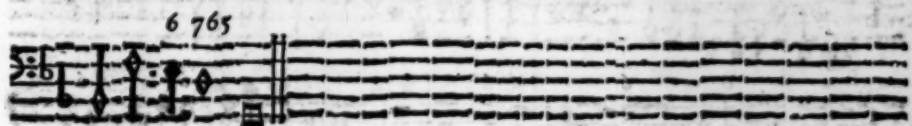
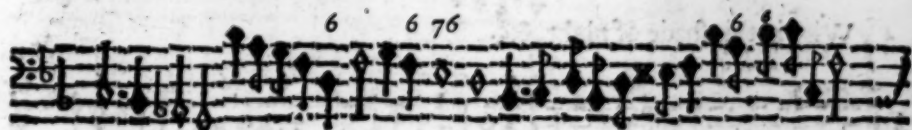


*John Cob.*

An Elegie on the death of his deare Friend and  
Fellow-servant, Mr. *William Lawes*.



Lament and mourne, &c.

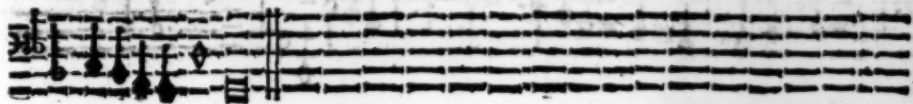


*Simon Ives.*

To the memory of his Friend, Mr. *William Lawes*.



Brave Spirit, &c.



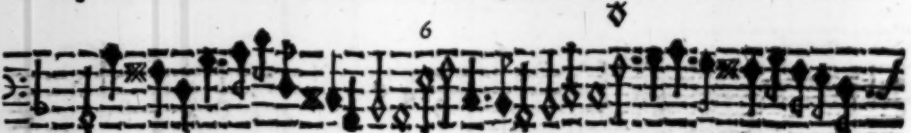
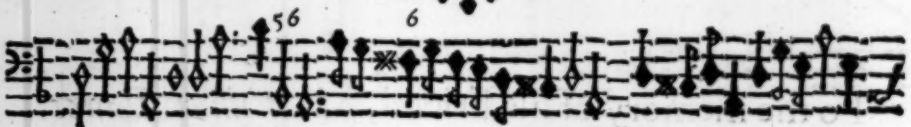
By Captain *Edmond Foster.*

An Elegiack Dialogue on the sad losse of his much  
esteemed Friend, M<sup>r</sup>. *William Lawes*, servant to his Majesty.

Thorow Base.



Why in this shade of night, &c.



# Thorow Base.

Handwritten musical score for "Thorow Base." The score consists of seven staves of music, primarily in bass clef. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and bar lines. Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1-5 above notes. Specific annotations include "Chorus of 2." above the first staff, "Chorus of 3." above the third staff, and "5 4 3" above the fourth staff. Other markings include "6", "76", "56", "43", "65", "7 8 3", "7 6 5 3 4 3", and "5 6 7 6". The score concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs on the final staff.

*John Finkins.*

# An Elegie on his Friend, Mr. *William Lawes*.



Bound, &c.



*John Hilton.*



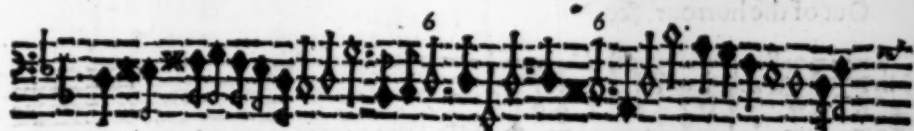
Thorow Base.

I.

William Lawes.



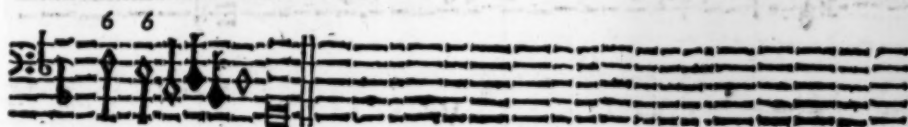
Lord, as the Hart, &c.



II.



Let God the God of battell rise, &c.



Mm



Out of the horror, &c.



IV.

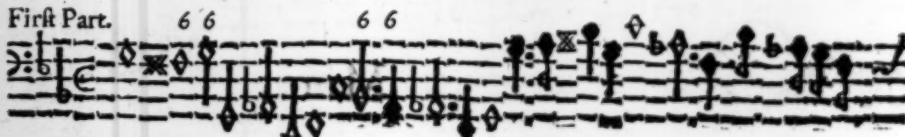


Oft from my early youth, &c.



V.

First Part.



How like a widow, &c.

# Thorow Base.

IV

William Lawes

First system of musical notation for 'Thorow Base.' It consists of two staves. The top staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The bottom staff has a bass clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The music is written in a style that includes many accidentals and ornaments. Above the first staff, there are numbers: 6, 6, 75, 6, 6, 65. Above the second staff, there are numbers: 6, 6, 65, 6, 65. There is also a sequence of numbers: 5 4 6 4 3.

VI.

Second part.

Second system of musical notation for 'Thorow Base.' It consists of two staves. The top staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The bottom staff has a bass clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The music is written in a style that includes many accidentals and ornaments. Above the first staff, there are numbers: 6, 6, 6, 65, 6, 3, 65. Above the second staff, there are numbers: 6, 6, 6, 65, 6, 3, 65.

Judah in exile, &c.

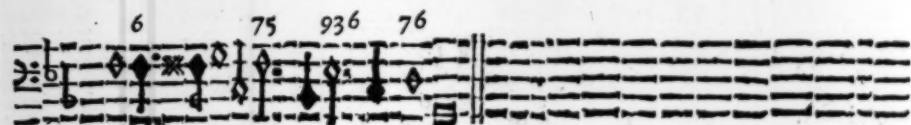
Third system of musical notation for 'Thorow Base.' It consists of three staves. The top staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The middle staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The bottom staff has a bass clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The music is written in a style that includes many accidentals and ornaments. Above the first staff, there are numbers: 6 3 4, 7 5 4 6, 9, 6. Above the second staff, there are numbers: 6, 6, 7 6 6, 6, 7, 6 7 6 6, 5 4 8, 7 6, 5 b 4. Above the third staff, there are numbers: 6, 6, b 7 6 5.

Mm 2

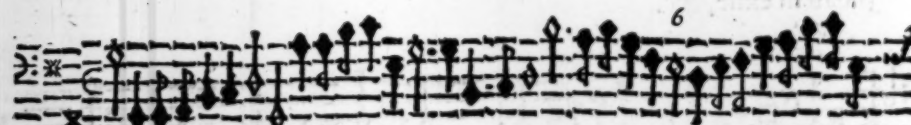
Third part.



How hath Jehovah, &c.



VIII.

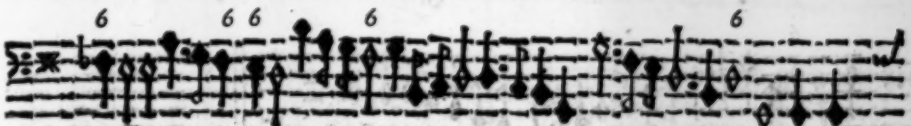


Sing to the King of kings, &c.





Praise the Lord, &c.



Halleluiah, &c.

X.

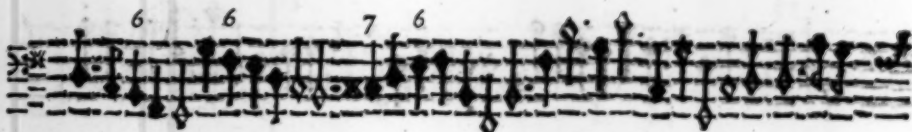


My God, O why, &c.

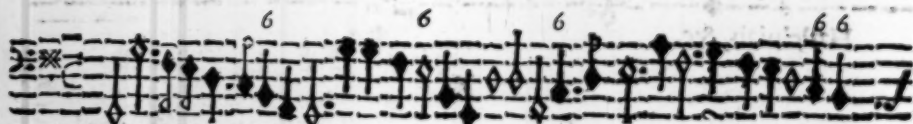




My God my rock, &c.



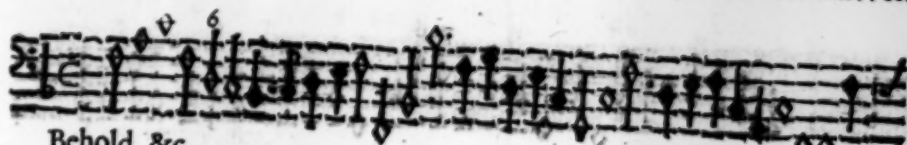
XII.



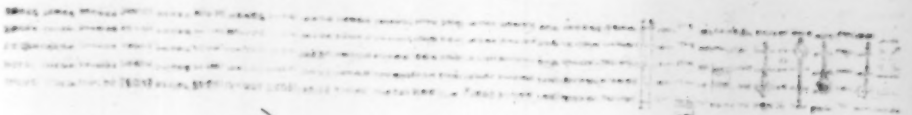
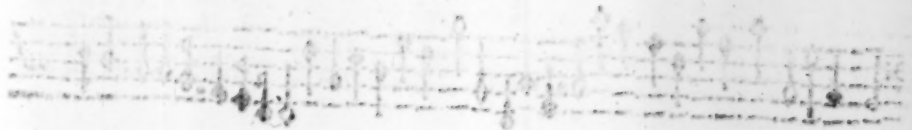
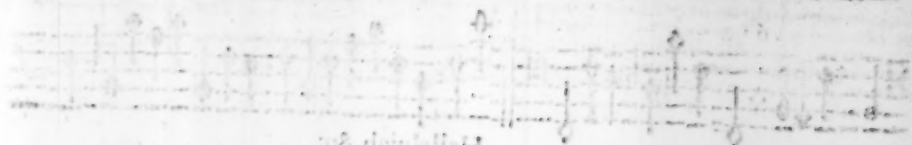
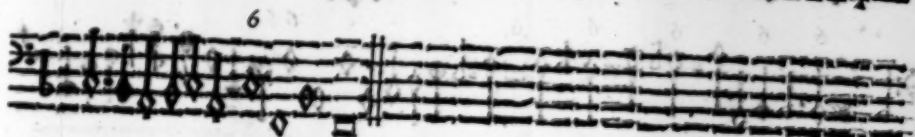
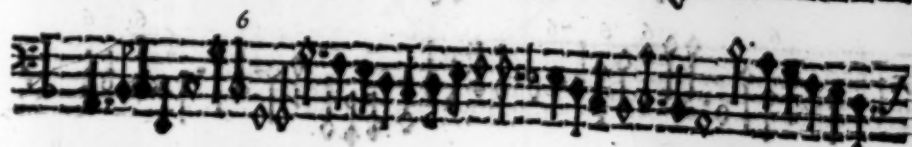
They who the Lord adore, &c.







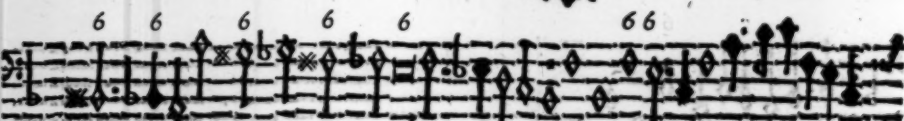
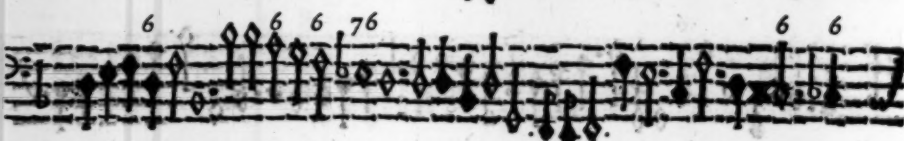
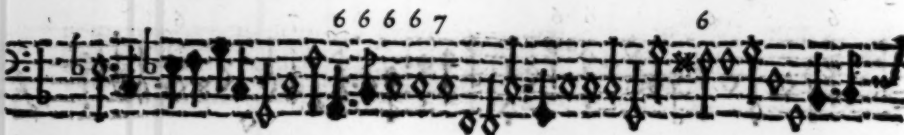
Behold, &c.



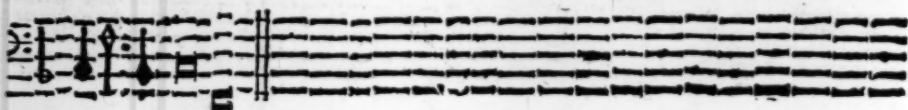


O sing unto the Lord, &c.

&c. blest



Halleluiah, &c.



Thorow Base.

XV.

William Lawes.



XVI.



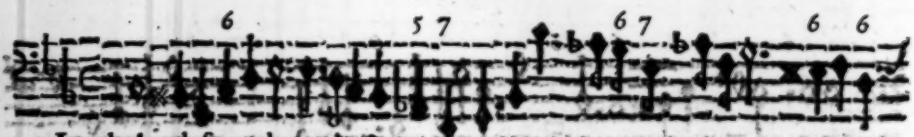
Nn



How long, &c.



XVIII.

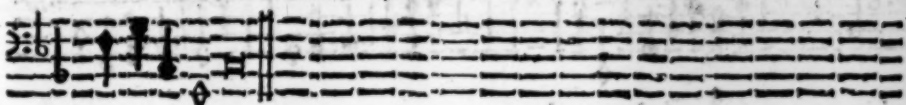


Lord, thy deserved wrath, &c.





Thou Mover, &c.

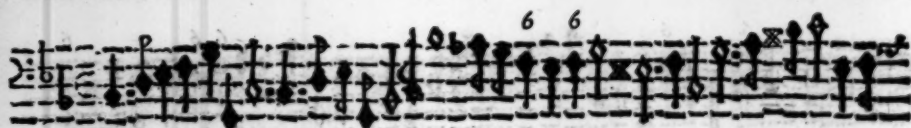


XX.

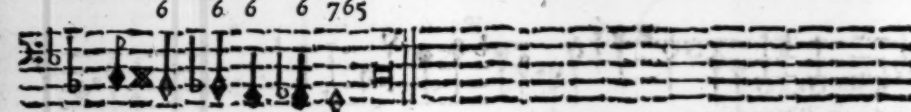


To thee I cry, &c.





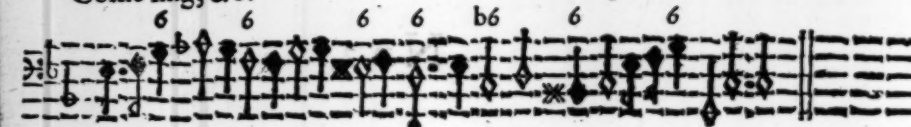
Thou that art enthron'd, &c.



XXII.



Come sing, &c.





Thorrow Base.

XXIII.

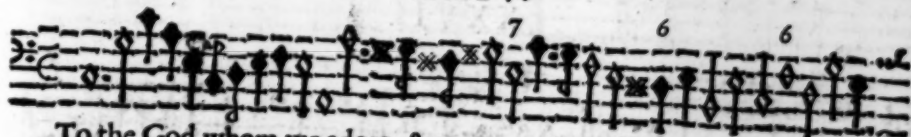
William Lawes,



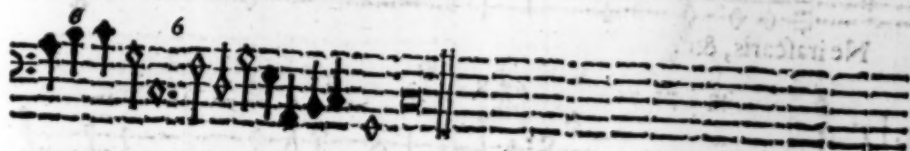
To thee, O God, &c.



XXIV.



To the God whom we adore, &c.



XXV.



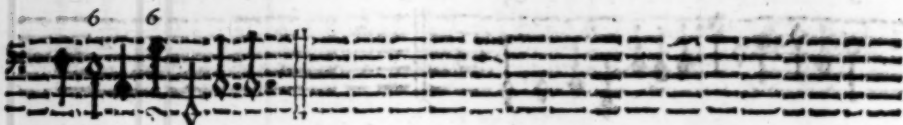
Ye Nations, &c.



Halleluiah, &c.



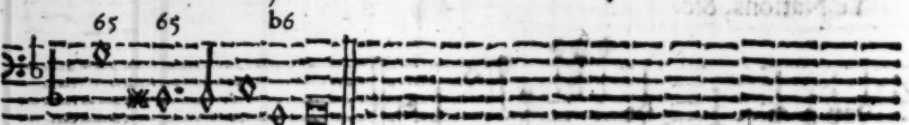
Let all rejoyce, &c.



XXVII.



Ne irascaris, &c.





Memento, &c.



XXIX.



In resurrectione, &c.



Therow Base.

William Lawes.



Halleluiah, &c.



XXX.



Gloria Patri, &c.



An Elegie on the death of his very worthy Friend and Fellow-servant, M. *John Tomkins*, Organist of his Majesties Chappell Royall.

O<sub>o</sub>

*William Lawes.*

A Canon of 3. Voc. in the Unison:

William Lawes.

Ord, thou hast been favourable to thy Land, thou  
 hast brought back, thou hast brought back the  
 captivity of Ja- cob, the captivity of Jacob, thou hast cover'd their  
 sin: Turn us O God of our salivation, of our salivation.

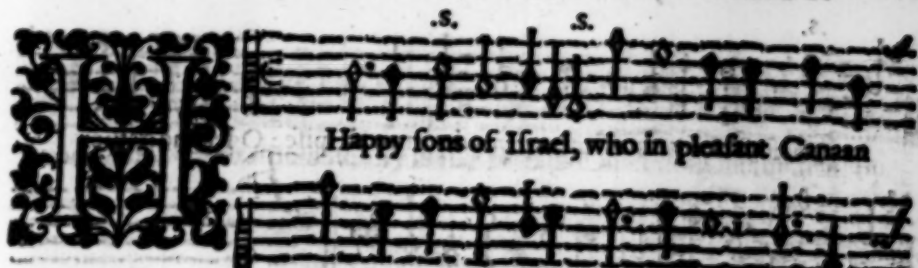
William Lawes

OO

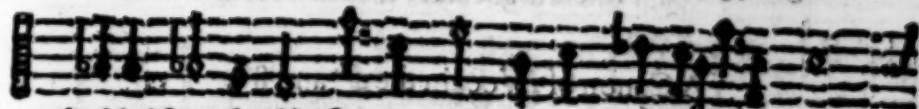


A Canon of 3. Voc. in the 4<sup>th</sup> and 8<sup>th</sup> below.

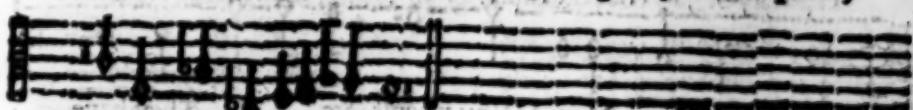
William Lawes.



dwell, fill the aire with shouts of joy, shouts re-



doubled from the skie, sing the great, sing the great Jehovahs praise,



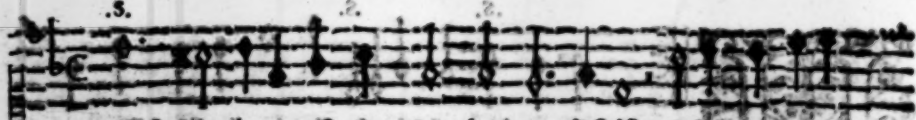
Trophies to his glo- ry rise.

O o 2

A Canon of 3. Voc. in the 4<sup>th</sup> and 8<sup>th</sup>.


William Lawes.

3. 2. 2.



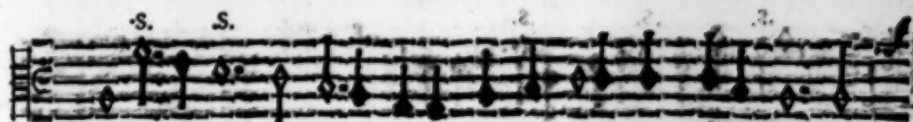
These salt rivers of mine eyes doe not despise: O let me gather  
strength before I passe away, and be no more.

A Canon of 3. Voc. in the 4<sup>th</sup> and 8<sup>th</sup>.

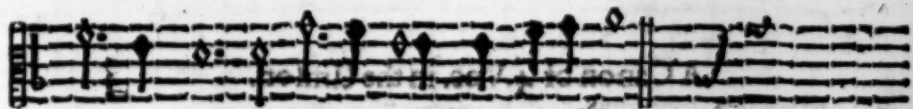


Why weepst thou Mary: Why weepst, &c. They have  
taken away my Lord, they have, &c. and I know not  
where they have laid him, and I, &c.

**A Canon of 3. Voc. in the Unison, and 5. below. William Lawes.**

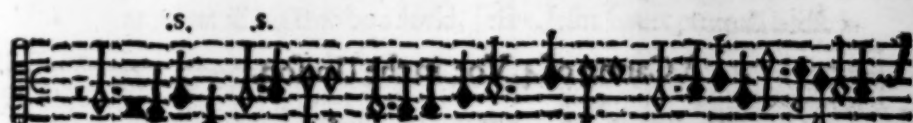


'Tis joy to see how deadly sin by faith in Christ doth mercy win, by



faith in Christ, by faith in Christ doth mercy win.

**A Canon of 3. Voc. in the 5<sup>th</sup> and 4<sup>th</sup> below.**

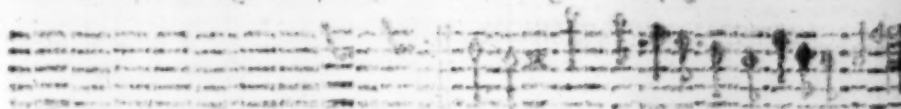


Gloria in excelsis Deo, gloria, &c. gloria, &c.



in ter- ra pax, & hominibus bona voluntas, bona voluntas.

and the peace of the earth, and the good will of men, and the good will of men.



and the peace of the earth, and the good will of men, and the good will of men.

120718 A Canon of 4. Voc. in the 5. 8. and 5<sup>th</sup>. William Lawes.



Regi, Regis regum Arcana cano.

A Canon of 4. Voc. in the Unifon.

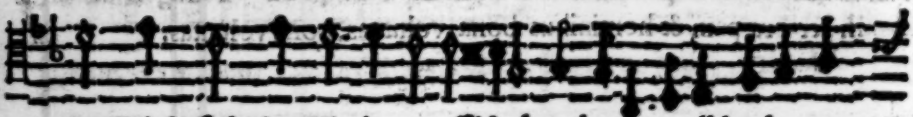


Regi, Regis regum Ar- ca- na, Arcana cano.

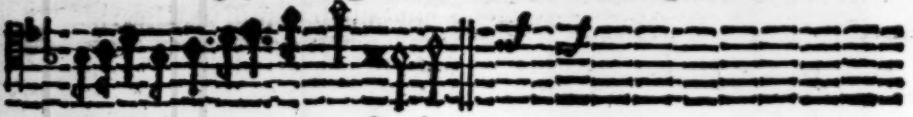
A Canon of 4. Voc. in the Unifon.



Shee weepeth fore in the night, and her teares are in her checks,



her Priests sigh, her Virgins are afflicted, and among all her lovers



shee hath none to comfort her.

A Canon of 3. Voc. in the Unison.

William Lawes.

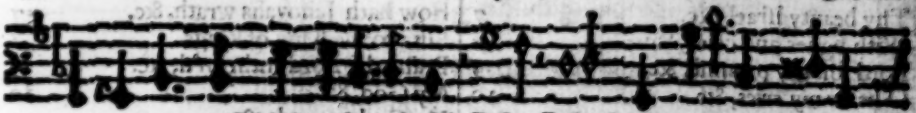


Jesus, Jesus, Jesus is harmonious, a sound of greatest fame to us,



a sound, &c.

Jesus, Jesus, a name most high,

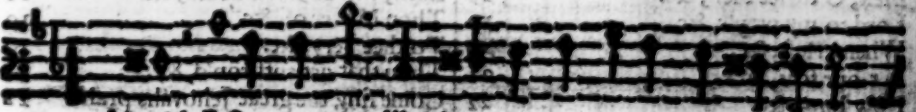


a name most high to be ador'd, Jesus, Jesus sweet eternall blisse is



therein stor'd, Jesus, Jesus, &c.

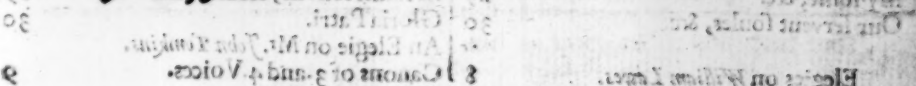
Jesus hath us re-



deem'd, Jesus, no name like that, no name, &c. must be esteem'd,



Je- sus, Jesus,



FINIS

# THE TABLE

Henry Lawes.

William Lawes.

That man is truly blest, &c.  
 Who trusts in thee.  
 O thou from whom all mercies spring.  
 Not in thy wrath, &c.  
 Lord, judge my cause.  
 Cast off mine enemies, &c.  
 Thy beauty Israel, &c.  
 With vigils and cries, &c.  
 Lord for thy pious, &c.  
 O hear my cries, &c.  
 Woe is mine.  
 To heare me Lord.  
 Lord shewre on us.  
 How shall the Gentiles, &c.  
 Happy he, &c.  
 Laudate, &c.  
 Depress with grief.  
 Blest, O thrice blest, &c.  
 Lord to my pray'r, &c.  
 When grief, &c.  
 Let our foes, &c.  
 How long, &c.  
 Accept my pray'r, &c.  
 The bounty of Jehovah, &c.  
 You who sing the Lord, &c.  
 Show the Lord his raigne, &c.  
 Now in the winter, &c.  
 The King Jehovah, &c.  
 My soule, &c.  
 Our fervent soules, &c.

I Ord, as the Hart, &c.  
 Let God arise, &c.  
 Out of the honour, &c.  
 Gift from my early youth, &c.  
 How like a widow, &c.  
 Judah in exile, &c.  
 How hath Jehovahs wrath, &c.  
 Sing to the King of kings.  
 Praise the Lord enthron'd, &c.  
 My God, &c.  
 My God my rock, &c.  
 They who the Lord, &c.  
 Behold, &c.  
 O sing unto the Lord, &c.  
 I am weary, &c.  
 In the tribulation, &c.  
 How long wilt thou, &c.  
 Lord, thy deserved wrath, &c.  
 Thou Mover of, &c.  
 To thee I cry, &c.  
 Thou that art enthron'd, &c.  
 Come sing the great Jehovahs praise.  
 To thee O God, &c.  
 To the God whom we adore.  
 Ye Nations, &c.  
 Let all with voices sound, &c.  
 No idols, &c.  
 Memento, &c.  
 In resurrection, &c.  
 Gloria Patri.  
 An Elegie on Mr. John Tomkins.  
 Canons of 3. and 4. Voices.

Elegies on William Lawes.

FINIS.